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To darling Valeria

from her loving
Godmother
Aunt Sabilla

Genova
1903

Nerina Medici di Marignano
dalla sua "loving godmother"
Valeria Giglucci
Firenze Nov. 1925

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THE,

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOL. I.

Strahan and Preston,
Printers-Street, London.

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ALEXANDER POPE,

Published by Cadell & Davies Strand and the other Proprietors, May 1.1807.

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

IN VERSE AND PROSE.

WITH

A SELECTION OF EXPLANATORY NOTES,

AND

THE ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE

BY DR. JOHNSON.

BIBLIOTECA NAZIONALE CENTRALE VITTORIO EMANUELE III ROMA

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR NICHOLS AND SON; F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; OTRIDGE AND SON; WILKIE AND ROBINSON; J. WALKER; R. LEA; J. NUNN; LACKINGTON, ALLEN AND CO.; J. STOCKDALE; J. CUTHELL; CLARKE AND SONS; WHITE AND COCHRANE; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN; CADELL AND DAVIES; C. LAW; E. JEFFERY; J. BOOKER; J. AND A. ARCH; BLACK, PARRY, AND KINGSBURY; S. BAGSTER; J. HARDING; JOHN RICHARDSON; R. SCHOLEY; J. MAWMAN; J. BOOTH; R. BALDWIN; J. ASPERNE; J. FAULDER; AND J. JOHNSON AND CO.

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IN this Edition, it has been attempted to give (what the Public has long demanded) a correct text of Pope's works, in which the reader's attention is not divided, or his feelings interrupted, by the discordance of critical disputes and fanciful opinions, such Notes only having been preserved as are necessary to explain ambiguities in the text, or afford some information respecting the characters. The notes of Pope himself, being of this description, are generally retained, and those appended to the Dunciad are component parts of that satire. The Latin of Statius, Horace, &c. is omitted as otherwise accessible to scholars, and useless to readers of a different description. To the Life, written by Dr. Johnson, several particulars have been added from subsequent biographers.

London,
December 1811.

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THE

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THE

LIFE

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

By DR. JOHNSON.

THE

LIFE

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London [a], May 22, 1688, of parents whose rank or station was never ascertained: we are informed that they were of "gentle blood;" that his father was of a family of which the Earl of Downe was the head; and that his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esquire, of York, who had likewise three sons, one of whom had the honour of being killed, and the other of dying, in the service of Charles the First; the third was made a general officer in Spain, from whom the sister inherited what sequestrations and forfeitures had left in the family.

This, and this only, is told by Pope, who is more willing, as I have heard observed, to shew what his father was not, than what he was. It is allowed that he grew rich by trade; but whether in a shop or on the Exchange was never discovered till Mr. Tyers

[a] In Lombard-street, according to Dr. Warton. He was the son of Alexander and Editha Pope. She was the daughter of William Turner, Esquire, of York, two of whose sons died in the service of Charles I. and the other became a general officer in Spain.

told, on the authority of Mrs. Racket, that he was a linen-draper in the Strand. Both parents were papists.

Pope was from his birth of a constitution tender and delicate; but is said to have shewn remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. The weakness of his body continued through his life[b]; but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood. His voice, when he was young, was so pleasing, that he was called in fondness "the little nightingale."

Being not sent early to school, he was taught to read by an aunt; and when he was seven or eight years old became a lover of books. He first learned to write by imitating printed books; a species of penmanship in which he retained great excellence through his whole life, though his ordinary hand was not elegant.

When he was about eight, he was placed in Hampshire under Taverner, a Romish priest, who, by a method very rarely practised, taught him the Greek and Latin rudiments together. He was now first regularly initiated in poetry by the perusal of "Ogilby's Homer" and "Sandys' Ovid." Ogilby's assistance he never repaid with any praise; but of Sandys, he declared, in his notes to the "Iliad," that English poetry owed much of its beauty to his translations. Sandys very rarely attempted original composition.

From the care of Taverner, under whom his proficiency was considerable, he was removed to a school[c] at Twyford, near Winchester, and again to another school about Hyde-park Corner; from which he used

[b] This weakness was so great that he constantly wore stays, as I have been assured by a waterman at Twickenham, who, in lifting him into his boat, had often felt them. His method of taking the air on the water was to have a sedan chair in the boat, in which he sat with the glasses down. H.

[c] A seminary of Catholics. The circumstance used frequently to be mentioned by the Winchester scholars in their youthful compositions. WARTON.

sometimes to stroll to the playhouse, and was so delighted with theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from "Ogilby's Iliad," with some verses of his own intermixed, which he persuaded his schoolfellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who personated Ajax.

At the two last schools he used to represent himself as having lost part of what Taverner had taught him; and on his master at Twyford he had already exercised his poetry in a lampoon. Yet under those masters he translated more than a fourth part of the "Metamorphoses." If he kept the same proportion in his other exercises, it cannot be thought that his loss was great.

He tells of himself, in his poems, that "he lisp'd "in numbers;" and used to say that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. In the style of fiction it might have been said of him as of Pindar, that, when he lay in his cradle, "the "bees swarmed about his mouth."

About the time of the Revolution, his father, who was undoubtedly disappointed by the sudden blast of Popish prosperity, quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest, with about twenty thousand pounds; for which, being conscientiously determined not to intrust it to the government, he found no better use than that of locking it up in a chest, and taking from it what his expences required; and his life was long enough to consume a great part of it before his son came to the inheritance.

To Binfield Pope was called by his father when he was about twelve years old; and there he had for a few months the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learned only to construe a little of "Tully's Offices." How Mr. Deane could spend, with a boy who had translated so much of "Ovid," some months over a small part of "Tully's Offices," it is now vain to inquire.

Of a youth so successfully employed and so conspicuously improved, a minute account must be naturally desired; but curiosity must be contented with confused, imperfect, and sometimes improbable intelligence. Pope, finding little advantage from external help, resolved thenceforward to direct himself, and, at twelve, formed a plan of study, which he completed with little other incitement than the desire of excellence.

His primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by proposing subjects, and obliging him to correct his performances by many revisals; after which the old gentleman, when he was satisfied, would say, "these are "good rhymes."

In his perusal of the English poets he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was impressed with such veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house which Dryden frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him.

Dryden died May 1, 1701, some days before Pope was twelve; so early must he therefore have felt the power of harmony and the zeal of genius. Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?

The earliest [d] of Pope's productions is his *Ode on Solitude*, written before he was twelve, in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained, and which is not equal to Cowley's performances at the same age.

His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing. As he read the classicks, he amused him-

[d] Yet Dodsley, who was honoured with his intimacy, had seen several pieces of a still earlier date. WARTON.

self with translating them; and at fourteen made a version of the first book of *The Thebais*, which, with some revision, he afterwards published. He must have been at this time, if he had no help, a considerable proficient in the Latin tongue.

By Dryden's Fables, which had then been not long published, and were much in the hands of poetical readers, he was tempted to try his own skill in giving Chaucer a more fashionable appearance, and put *January and May*, and the *Prologue of the Wife of Bath*, into modern English. He translated likewise the Epistle of *Sappho to Phaon*, from Ovid, to complete the version which was before imperfect; and wrote some other small pieces, which he afterwards printed.

He sometimes imitated the English poets, and professed to have written at fourteen his poem upon *Silence* after Rochester's "Nothing." He had now formed his versification, and the smoothness of his numbers surpassed his original: but this is a small part of his praise; he discovers such acquaintance both with human life and public affairs, as is not easily conceived to have been attainable by a boy of fourteen in Windsor Forest.

Next year he was desirous of opening to himself new sources of knowledge, by making himself acquainted with modern languages; and removed for a time to London, that he might study French and Italian, which, as he desired nothing more than to read them, were by diligent application soon dispatched. Of Italian learning he does not appear to have ever made much use in his subsequent studies.

He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himself with his own poetry. He tried all styles and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epick poem, with panegyricks on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, "thought himself the "greatest genius that ever was." Self-confidence is

the first requisite to great undertakings. He, indeed, who forms his opinion of himself in solitude, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error; but it was the felicity of Pope to rate himself at his real value.

Most of his puerile productions were, by his maturer judgement, afterwards destroyed; "Alcander," the epick poem, was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury. The tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevieve. Of the comedy there is no account.

Concerning his studies it is related, that he translated "Tully on Old Age;" and that, besides his books of poetry and criticism, he read "Temple's "Essays" and "Locke on Human Understanding." His reading, though his favourite authors are not known, appears to have been sufficiently extensive and multifarious; for his early pieces shew, with sufficient evidence, his knowledge of books.

He that is pleased with himself easily imagines that he shall please others. Sir William Trumbull, who had been ambassador at Constantinople, and Secretary of State, when he retired from business, fixed his residence in the neighbourhood of Binfield. Pope, not yet sixteen, was introduced to the statesman of sixty, and so distinguished himself, that their interviews ended in friendship and correspondence. Pope was, through his whole life, ambitious of splendid acquaintance; and he seems to have wanted neither diligence nor success in attracting the notice of the great; for, from his first entrance into the world, and his entrance was very early, he was admitted to familiarity with those whose rank or station made them most conspicuous.

From the age of sixteen the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his Pastorals, which were shewn to the poets and criticks of that time; as they well deserved, they were read with admiration, and many praises were

bestowed upon them and upon the Preface, which is both elegant and learned in a high degree; they were, however, not published till five years afterwards.

Cowley, Milton, and Pope, are distinguished among the English poets by the early exertion of their powers; but the works of Cowley alone were published in his childhood, and therefore of him only can it be certain that his puerile performances received no improvement from his maturer studies.

At this time began his acquaintance with Wycherley, a man who seems to have had among his contemporaries his full share of reputation, to have been esteemed without virtue, and caressed without good-humour. Pope was proud of his notice; Wycherley wrote verses in his praise, which he was charged by Dennis with writing to himself, and they agreed for a while to flatter one another. It is pleasant to remark how soon Pope learned the cant of an author, and began to treat criticks with contempt, though he had yet suffered nothing from them.

But the fondness of Wycherley was too violent to last. His esteem of Pope was such, that he submitted some poems to his revision; and when Pope, perhaps proud of such confidence, was sufficiently bold in his criticisms and liberal in his alterations, the old scribbler was angry to see his pages defaced, and felt more pain from the detection than content from the amendment of his faults. They parted; but Pope always considered him with kindness, and visited him a little time before he died.

Another of his early correspondents was Mr. Cromwell, of whom I have learned nothing particular but that he used to ride a hunting in a tye-wig. He was fond, and perhaps vain, of amusing himself with poetry and criticism: and sometimes sent his performances to Pope, who did not forbear such remarks as were now and then unwelcome. Pope, in his turn, put

the juvenile version of "Statius" into his hands for correction.

Their correspondence afforded the publick its first knowledge of Pope's epistolary powers; for his letters were given by Cromwell to one Mrs. Thomas; and she many years afterwards sold them to Curll, who inserted them in a volume of his miscellanies.

Walsh, a name yet preserved among the minor poets, was one of his first encouragers. His regard was gained by the Pastorals, and from him Pope received the counsel by which he seems to have regulated his studies. Walsh advised him to correctness, which, as he told him, the English poets had hitherto neglected, and which therefore was left to him as a basis of fame; and, being delighted with rural poems, recommended to him to write a pastoral comedy, like those which are read so eagerly in Italy; a design which Pope probably did not approve, as he did not follow it.

Pope had now declared himself a poet; and, thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's, a coffee-house on the north side of Russel-street, in Covent-garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside.

During this period of his life he was indefatigably diligent and insatiably curious; wanting health for violent and money for expensive pleasures, and having excited in himself very strong desires of intellectual eminence, he spent much of his time over his books; but he read only to store his mind with facts and images, seizing all that his authors presented with undistinguishable voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. In a mind like his, however, all the faculties were at once involuntarily improving. Judgement is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books must compare

one opinion or one style with another; and, when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer. But the account given by himself of his studies was, that from fourteen to twenty he read only for amusement, from twenty to twenty-seven for improvement and instruction; that in the first part of this time he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavoured to judge.

The pastorals, which had been for some time handed about among poets and criticks, were at last printed (1709) in Tonson's Miscellany, in a volume which began with the Pastorals of Philips and ended with those of Pope.

The same year was written the *Essay on Criticism;* a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience. It was published about two years afterwards[e]; and, being praised by Addison in "The Spectator[f]" with sufficient liberality, met with so much favour as enraged Dennis, "who," he says, "found himself attacked, without any manner of provocation on his side, and attacked in his person, instead of his writings, by one who was wholly a stranger to him, at a time when all the world knew he was persecuted by fortune; and not only saw that this was attempted in a clandestine manner, with the utmost falsehood and calumny, but found that all this was done by a little affected hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candour, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity."

[e] May, 1711. C.

[f] No. 253. But, according to Dr. Warton, Pope was displeased at one passage, in which Addison censures the admission of "some strokes of ill-nature." C.

How the attack was clandestine is not easily perceived, nor how his person is depreciated; but he seems to have known something of Pope's character, in whom may be discovered an appetite to talk too frequently of his own virtues.

The pamphlet is such as rage might be expected to dictate. He supposes himself to be asked two questions; whether the Essay will succeed, and who or what is the author.

Its success he admits to be secured by the false opinions then prevalent; the author he concludes to be "young and raw."

"First, because he discovers a sufficiency beyond "his little ability, and hath rashly undertaken a task "infinitely above his force. Secondly, while this "little author struts, and affects the dictatorian air, "he plainly shews, that at the same time he is under "the rod; and, while he pretends to give laws to "others, is a pedantick slave to authority and opinion. "Thirdly, he hath, like school-boys, borrowed both "from living and dead. Fourthly, he knows not "his own mind, and frequently contradicts himself. "Fifthly, he is almost perpetually in the wrong."

All these positions he attempts to prove by quotations and remarks; but his desire to do mischief is greater than his power. He has, however, justly criticised some passages in these lines:

> There are whom Heaven has bless'd with store of Wit,
> Yet want as much again to manage it;
> For Wit and Judgement ever are at strife—

It is apparent that wit has two meanings, and that what is wanted, though called wit, is truly judgement. So far Dennis is undoubtedly right; but, not content with argument, he will have a little mirth, and triumps over the first couplet in terms too elegant to be forgotten. "By the way, what rare numbers are "here! Would not one swear that this youngster

" had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued " out a divorce on account of impotence from some " superannuated sinner; and, having been p—xed by " her former spouse, has got the gout in her de- " crepit age, which makes her hobble so damnably?" This was the man who would reform a nation sinking into barbarity.

In another place, Pope himself allowed that Dennis had detected one of those blunders which are called " bulls." The first edition had this line:

> What is this wit—
> Where wanted, scorn'd; and envied where acquir'd?

" How," says the critick, " can wit be scorn'd where " it is not? Is not this a figure frequently employed " in Hibernian land? The person that wants this wit " may indeed be scorned, but the scorn shews the " honour which the contemner has for wit." Of this remark Pope made the proper use, by correcting the passage.

I have preserved, I think, all that is reasonable in Dennis's criticism; it remains that justice be done to his delicacy. " For his acquaintance (says Dennis) " he names Mr. Walsh, who had by no means the " qualification which this author reckons absolutely " necessary to a critick, it being very certain that " he was, like this Essayer, a very indifferent poet; " he loved to be well-dressed; and I remember a " little young gentleman whom Mr. Walsh used to " take into his company, as a double foil to his " person and capacity. Enquire, between Sunning- " hill and Oakingham, for a young, short, squab, " gentleman, the very bow of the God of Love, and " tell me whether he be a proper author to make per- " sonal reflections?—He may extol the ancients, but " he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a " modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, " and his father consequently had by law had the abso-

" lute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than " that of one of his poems, the life of half a day.— " Let the person of a gentleman of his parts be never " so contemptible, his inward man is ten times more " ridiculous; it being impossible that his outward " form, though it be that of downright monkey, " should differ so much from human shape, as his un- " thinking immaterial part does from human under- " standing." Thus began the hostility between Pope and Dennis, which, though it was suspended for a short time, never was appeased. Pope seems, at first, to have attacked him wantonly; but though he always professed to despise him, he discovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Of this Essay, Pope declared, that he did not expect the sale to be quick, because " not one gentleman " in sixty, even of liberal education, could understand " it." The gentlemen and the education of that time seem to have been of a lower character than they are of this. He mentioned a thousand copies as a numerous impression.

Dennis was not his only censurer: the zealous papists thought the monks treated with too much contempt, and Erasmus too studiously praised; but to these objections he had not much regard.

The Essay has been translated into French by Hamilton, author of the "Comte de Grammont," whose version was never printed, by Robotham, secretary to the King for Hanover, and by Resnel; and commented by Dr. Warburton, who has discovered in it such order and connexion as was not perceived by Addison, nor, as is said, intended by the author.

Almost every poem consisting of precepts is so far arbitrary and immethodical, that many of the paragraphs may change places with no apparent inconvenience; for of two or more positions depending

upon some remote and general principle there is seldom any cogent reason why one should precede the other. But for the order in which they stand, whatever it be, a little ingenuity may easily give a reason. "It is possible," says Hooker, "that by "long circumduction, from any one truth all truth "may be inferred." Of all homogeneous truths, at least of all truths respecting the same general end, in whatever series they may be produced, a concatenation by intermediate ideas may be formed, such as, when it is once shewn, shall appear natural; but if this order be reversed, another mode of connexion equally specious may be found or made. Aristotle is praised for naming fortitude first of the cardinal virtues, as that without which no other virtue can steadily be practised; but he might, with equal propriety, have placed prudence and justice before it, since without prudence fortitude is mad; without justice, it is mischievous.

As the end of method is perspicuity, that series is sufficiently regular that avoids obscurity, and where there is no obscurity it will not be difficult to discover method.

In "The Spectator [g]" was published *The Messiah*, which he first submitted to the perusal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticisms.

It is reasonable to infer, from his Letters, that the *Verses on the Unfortunate Lady* were written about the time when his Essay was published. The Lady's name and adventures I have sought with fruitless inquiry [h].

I can therefore tell no more than I have learned from Mr. Ruffhead, who writes with the confidence of one who could trust his information. She was a woman of eminent rank and large fortune, the ward of an uncle, who, having given her a proper education,

[g] 1712. [h] See Gent. Mag. vol. LI. p. 314. N.

expected, like other guardians, that she should make at least an equal match; and such he proposed to her, but found it rejected in favour of a young gentleman of inferior condition.

Having discovered the correspondence between the two lovers, and finding the young Lady determined to abide by her own choice, he supposed that separation might do what can rarely be done by arguments, and sent her into a foreign country, where she was obliged to converse only with those from whom her uncle had nothing to fear.

Her lover took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance, till of this restraint she grew so impatient, that she bribed a woman servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

From this account, given with evident intention to raise the Lady's character, it does not appear that she had any claim to praise, nor much to compassion. She seems to have been impatient, violent, and ungovernable. Her uncle's power could not have lasted long; the hour of liberty and choice would have come in time. But her desires were too hot for delay, and she liked self-murder better than suspence.

Nor is it discovered that the uncle, whoever he was, is with much justice delivered to posterity, as "a false guardian;" he seems to have done only that for which a guardian is appointed; he endeavoured to direct his niece till she should be able to direct herself. Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl.

Not long after, he wrote *The Rape of the Lock*, the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful, of all his compositions, occasioned by a frolick of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's

hair. This, whether stealth or violence, was so much resented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl, a gentleman who, being secretary to King James's Queen, had followed his mistress into France, and who, being the author of *Sir Solomon Single*, a comedy, and some translations, was entitled to the notice of a wit, solicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring both the parties to a better temper. In compliance with Caryl's request, though his name was for a long time marked only by the first and last letters, C—l, a poem of two cantos was written (1711), as is said, in a fortnight, and sent to the offended lady, who liked it well enough to shew it; and, with the usual process of literary transactions, the author, dreading a surreptitious edition, was forced to publish it.

The event is said to have been such as was desired, the pacification and diversion of all to whom it related, except Sir George Brown, who complained with some bitterness, that, in the character of Sir Plume, he was made to talk nonsense. Whether all this be true I have some doubt; for at Paris, a few years ago, a niece of Mrs. Fermor, who presided in an English convent, mentioned Pope's work with very little gratitude, rather as an insult than an honour; and she may be supposed to have inherited the opinion of her family.

At its first appearance it was termed by Addison "merum sal." Pope, however, saw that it was capable of improvement; and, having luckily contrived to borrow his machinery from the Rosicrucians, imparted the scheme with which his head was teeming to Addison, who told him that his work, as it stood, was "a delicious little thing," and gave him no encouragement to retouch it.

This has been too hastily considered as an instance of Addison's jealousy, for, as he could not guess the

conduct of the new design, or the possibilities of pleasure comprised in a fiction of which there had been no examples, he might very reasonably and kindly persuade the author to acquiesce in his own prosperity, and forbear an attempt which he considered as an unnecessary hazard.

Addison's counsel was happily rejected. Pope foresaw the future efflorescence of imagery then budding in his mind, and resolved to spare no art or industry of cultivation. The soft luxuriance of his fancy was already shooting, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to colour and embellish it.

His attempt was justified by its success. *The Rape of the Lock* stands forward, in the classes of literature, as the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon the display of powers more truly poetical than he had shewn before: with elegance of description and justness of precepts, he had now exhibited boundless fertility of invention.

He always considered the intermixture of the machinery with the action as his most successful exertion of poetical art. He indeed could never afterwards produce any thing of such unexampled excellence. Those performances which strike with wonder are combinations of skilful genius with happy casualty; and it is not likely that any felicity like the discovery of a new race of preternatural agents should happen twice to the same man.

Of this poem the author was, I think, allowed to enjoy the praise for a long time without disturbance. Many years afterwards, Dennis published some remarks upon it, with very little force and with no effect; for the opinion of the publick was already settled, and it was no longer at the mercy of criticism.

About this time he published *The Temple of Fame*, which, as he tells Steele in their correspondence, he had written two years before: that is, when he was only twenty two years old, an early time of life for

so much learning and so much observation as that work exhibits.

On this poem Dennis afterwards published some remarks, of which the most reasonable is, that some of the lines represent motion as exhibited by sculpture.

Of the Epistle from *Eloisa to Abelard*, I do not know the date. His first inclination to attempt a composition of that tender kind arose, as Mr. Savage told me, from his perusal of Prior's *Nut-brown Maid*. How much he has surpassed Prior's work it is not necessary to mention, when perhaps it may be said with justice, that he has excelled every composition of the same kind. The mixture of religious hope and resignation gives an elevation and dignity to disappointed love which images merely natural cannot bestow. The gloom of a convent strikes the imagination with far greater force than the solitude of a grove.

This piece was, however, not much his favourite in his latter years, though I never heard upon what principle he slighted it.

In the next year (1713) he published *Windsor Forest;* of which part was, as he relates, written at sixteen [1], about the same time as his pastorals, and the latter part was added afterwards: where the addition begins, we are not told. The lines relating to the peace confess their own date. It is dedicated to Lord Lansdowne, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories; and it is said, that

[1] There was a particular beech-tree, under which Pope used to sit; and it is the tradition of the place, that under that tree he completed the Windsor Forest. The original tree being decayed, Lady Gower of Bill-Hill had a memorial carved upon the bark of another immediately adjoining, "Here Pope sang." The marks are visible to this day, but are fast wearing out. During Lady Gower's life, the letters were new cut every three or four years. *Bowles's Life.*

the conclusion of the poem gave great pain to Addison, both as a poet and a politician. Reports like this are always spread with boldness very disproportionate to their evidence. Why should Addison receive any particular disturbance from the last lines of *Windsor Forest?* If contrariety of opinion could poison a politician, he would not live a day; and, as a poet, he must have felt Pope's force of genius much more from many other parts of his works.

The pain that Addison might feel it is not likely that he would confess; and it is certain that he so well suppressed his discontent, that Pope now thought himself his favourite; for, having been consulted in the revisal of *Cato*, he introduced it by a prologue; and, when Dennis published his Remarks, undertook, not indeed to vindicate, but to revenge his friend, by a "Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

There is reason to believe that Addison gave no encouragement to this disingenuous hostility; for says Pope, in a letter to him, "indeed your opinion, "that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would be my "own in my own case; but I felt more warmth here "than I did when I first saw his book against myself "(though, indeed in two minutes it made me heartily "merry)." Addison was not a man on whom such cant of sensibility could make much impression. He left the pamphlet to itself, having disowned it to Dennis, and perhaps did not think Pope to have deserved much by his officiousness.

This year was printed in "The Guardian" the ironical comparison between the pastorals of Philips and Pope; a composition of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found. The superiority of Pope is so ingeniously dissembled, and the feeble lines of Philips so skilfully preferred, that Steele, being deceived, was unwilling to print the paper, lest Pope should be offended. Addison immediately saw the writer's design; and,

as it seems, had malice enough to conceal his discovery, and to permit a publication which, by making his friend Philips ridiculous, made him for ever an enemy to Pope.

It appears that about this time Pope had a strong inclination to unite the art of painting with that of poetry, and put himself under the tuition of Jervas. He was near-sighted, and therefore not formed by nature for a painter: he tried, however, how far he could advance, and sometimes persuaded his friends to sit. A picture of Betterton, supposed to be drawn by him, was in the possession of Lord Mansfield [k]: if this was taken from the life, he must have begun to paint earlier; for Betterton was now dead. Pope's ambition of this new art produced some encomiastick verses to Jervas, which certainly shew his power as a poet: but I have been told that they betray his ignorance of painting.

He appears to have regarded Betterton with kindness and esteem; and after his death published, under his name, a version into modern English of Chaucer's Prologues, and one of his Tales, which, as was related by Mr. Harte, were believed to have been the performance of Pope himself by Fenton, who made him a gay offer of five pounds, if he would shew them in the hand of Betterton.

The next year (1713) produced a bolder attempt, by which profit was sought as well as praise. The poems which he had hitherto written, however they might have diffused his name, had made very little addition to his fortune. The allowance which his father made him, though, proportioned to what he had, it might be liberal, could not be large; his religion hindered him from the occupation of any civil employment; and he complained that he wanted even money to buy books [l].

[k] It is still at Caen Wood. N. Spence.

He therefore resolved to try how far the favour of the publick extended, by soliciting a subscription to a version of the *Iliad*, with large notes.

To print by subscription was, for some time, a practice peculiar to the English. The first considerable work for which this expedient was employed is said to have been Dryden's *Virgil*[m]; and it had been tried again with great success when the "Tatlers" were collected into volumes.

There was reason to believe that Pope's attempt would be successful. He was in the full bloom of reputation, and was personally known to almost all whom dignity of employment or splendour of reputation had made eminent: he conversed indifferently with both parties, and never disturbed the publick with his political opinions; and it might be naturally expected, as each faction then boasted its literary zeal, that the great men, who on other occasions practised all the violence of opposition, would emulate each other in their encouragement of a poet who had delighted all, and by whom none had been offended.

With those hopes, he offered an English *Iliad* to subscribers, in six volumes in quarto, for six guineas; a sum, according to the value of money at that time, by no means inconsiderable, and greater than I believe to have been ever asked before. His proposal, however, was very favourably received; and the patrons of literature were busy to recommend his undertaking and promote his interest. Lord Oxford, indeed, lamented that such a genius should be wasted upon a work not original: but proposed no means by which he might live without it. Addison recommended caution and moderation, and advised him not to be content with the praise of half the nation, when he might be universally favoured.

[m] Earlier than this, viz. in 1688, Milton's *Paradise Lost* had been published with great success by subscription, in folio, under the patronage of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Somers. R.

The greatness of the design, the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the booksellers made their offers with great eagerness: but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor, on condition of supplying at his own expence all the copies which were to be delivered to subscribers or presented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume.

Of the quartos it was, I believe, stipulated that none should be printed but for the author, that the subscription might not be depreciated; but Lintot impressed the same pages upon a small folio, and paper perhaps a little thinner; and sold exactly at half the price, for half a guinea each volume, books so little inferior to the quartos, that, by a fraud of trade, those folios, being afterwards shortened by cutting away the top and bottom, were sold as copies printed for the subscribers.

Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on royal paper in folio, for two guineas a volume; of the small folio, having printed seventeen hundred and fifty copies of the first volume, he reduced the number in the other volumes to a thousand.

It is unpleasant to relate that the bookseller, after all his hopes and all his liberality, was, by a very unjust and illegal action, defrauded of his profit. An edition of the English *Iliad* was printed in Holland in duodecimo, and imported clandestinely for the gratification of those who were impatient to read what they could not yet afford to buy. This fraud could only be counteracted by an edition equally cheap and more commodious; and Lintot was compelled to contract his folio at once into a duodecimo, and lose the advantage of an intermediate gradation. The notes, which in the Dutch copies were placed at the end of each book, as they had been in the large volumes, were now subjoined to the text in the same page,

and are therefore more easily consulted. Of this edition two thousand five hundred were first printed, and five thousand a few weeks afterwards; but indeed great numbers were necessary to produce considerable profit.

Pope, having now emitted his proposals, and engaged not only his own reputation, but in some degree that of his friends who patronised his subscription, began to be frighted at his own undertaking; and finding himself at first embarrassed with difficulties, which retarded and oppressed him, he was for a time timorous and uneasy, had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journeys through unknown ways, and wished, as he said, "that somebody would "hang him [n]."

This misery, however, was not of long continuance; he grew by degrees more acquainted with Homer's images and expressions, and practice increased his facility of versification. In a short time he represents himself as dispatching regularly fifty verses a-day, which would shew him by an easy computation the termination of his labour.

His own diffidence was not his only vexation. He that asks a subscription soon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor; and he that wishes to save his money conceals his avarice by his malice. Addison had hinted his suspicion that Pope was too much a Tory; and some of the Tories suspected his principles because he had contributed to "The Guardian," which was carried on by Steele.

To those who censured his politicks were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a translator of Homer. To these he made no publick

[n] Spence.

opposition; but in one of his letters escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like this, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life of which much seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help him? Minute inquiries into the force of words are less necessary in translating Homer than other poets, because his positions are general, and his representations natural, with very little dependence on local or temporary customs, on those changeable scenes of artificial life, which, by mingling originally with accidental notions, and crowding the mind with images which time effaces, produces ambiguity in diction and obscurity in books. To this open display of unadulterated nature it must be ascribed, that Homer has fewer passages of doubtful meaning than any other poet either in the learned or in modern languages. I have read of a man, who being, by his ignorance of Greek, compelled to gratify his curiosity with the Latin printed on the opposite page, declared that, from the rude simplicity of the lines literally rendered, he formed nobler ideas of the Homeric majesty than from the laboured elegance of polished versions.

Those literal translations were always at hand, and from them he could easily obtain his author's sense with sufficient certainty; and among the readers of Homer the number is very small of those who find much in the Greek more than in the Latin, except the musick of the numbers.

If more help was wanting, he had the poetical translation of *Eobanus Hessus*, an unwearied writer of Latin verses; he had the French Homers of La Valterie and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. With Chapman, whose work,

though now totally neglected, seems to have been popular almost to the end of the last century, he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which indeed he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original.

Notes were likewise to be provided; for the six volumes would have been very little more than six pamphlets without them. What the mere perusal of the text could suggest, Pope wanted no assistance to collect or methodize; but more was necessary; many pages were to be filled, and learning must supply materials to wit and judgement. Something might be gathered from Dacier; but no man loves to be indebted to his contemporaries, and Dacier was accessible to common readers. Eustathius was therefore necessarily consulted. To read Eustathius, of whose work there was then no Latin version, I suspect Pope, if he had been willing, not to have been able; some other was therefore to be found, who had leisure as well as abilities; and he was doubtless most readily employed who would do much work for little money.

The history of the notes has never been traced. Broome, in his preface to his poems, declares himself the commentator "in part upon the Iliad;" and it appears from Fenton's letter, preserved in the Museum, that Broome was at first engaged in consulting Eustathius, but that after a time, whatever was the reason, he desisted; another man, of Cambridge, was then employed, who soon grew weary of the work; and a third, that was recommended by Thirlby, is now discovered to have been Jortin, a man since well known to the learned world, who complained that Pope, having accepted and improved his performance, never testified any curiosity to see him, and who professed to have forgotten the terms on which he worked.

The terms which Fenton uses are very mercantile[o]: "I think at first sight that his performance is very "commendable, and have sent word for him to finish "the 17th book, and to send it with his demands for "his trouble. I have here enclosed the specimen; if "the rest come before the return, I will keep them "till I receive your order."

Broome then offered his service a second time, which was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a closer correspondence. Parnell contributed the Life of Homer, which Pope found so harsh, that he took great pains in correcting it; and by his own diligence with such help as kindness or money could procure him, in somewhat more than five years he completed his version of the "Iliad," with the notes. He began it in 1712, his twenty-fifth year, and concluded it in 1718, his thirtieth year.

When we find him translating fifty lines a day, it is natural to suppose that he would have brought his work to a more speedy conclusion. The "Iliad," containing less than sixteen thousand verses, might have been dispatched in less than three hundred and twenty days by fifty verses in a day. The notes, compiled with the assistance of his mercenaries, could not be supposed to require more time than the text.

According to this calculation, the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performances and speculative possibility. It is natural to suppose, that as much as has been done to-day may be done tomorrow; but on the morrow, some difficulty emerges, or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence,

[o] Dr. Jortin, in his Adversaria, says, "I have a notion that it "was three or four guineas *per* book." He adds, "I was in some "hopes, in those days (for I was young), that Mr. Pope would "make inquiry about his *co-adjutor*, and take some civil notice of "him. But he did not, and I had no notion of obtruding myself "upon him. I never saw his face."

interruption, business, and pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every long work is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, and ten thousand that cannot, be recounted. Perhaps no extensive and multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs against Time has an antagonist not subject to casualties.

The encouragement given to this translation, though report seems to have over-rated it, was such as the world has not often seen. The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five. The copies for which subscriptions were given were six hundred and fifty-four; and only six hundred and sixty were printed. For these copies Pope had nothing to pay; he therefore received, including the two hundred pounds a volume, five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds four shillings without deduction, as the books were supplied by Lintot.

By the success of his subscription Pope was relieved from those pecuniary distresses with which, notwithstanding his popularity, he had hitherto struggled. Lord Oxford had often lamented his disqualification for public employment, but never proposed a pension. While the translation of "Homer" was in its progress, Mr. Craggs, then secretary of state, offered to procure him a pension, which, at least during his ministry, might be enjoyed with secrecy. This was not accepted by Pope, who told him, however, that if he should be pressed with want of money he would send to him for occasional supplies. Craggs was not long in power, and was never solicited for money by Pope, who disdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this subscription, which he had too much discretion to squander, he secured his future life from want, by considerable annuities. The estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a year, pay-

able to Pope, which doubtless his translation enabled him to purchase.

It cannot be unwelcome to literary curiosity that I deduce thus minutely the history of the English "Iliad." It is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen; and its publication must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning.

To those who have skill to estimate the excellence and difficulty of this great work, it must be very desirable to know how it was performed, and by what gradations it advanced to correctness. Of such an intellectual process the knowledge has very rarely been attainable; but happily there remains the original copy of the "Iliad," which being obtained by Bolingbroke as a curiosity, descended from him to Mallet, and is now, by the solicitation of the late Dr. Maty, reposited in the Museum.

Between this manuscript, which is written upon accidental fragments of paper, and the printed edition, there must have been an intermediate copy, that was perhaps destroyed as it returned from the press.

From the first copy I have procured a few transcripts, and shall exhibit first the printed lines; then, in a smaller print, those of the manuscripts, with all their variations. Those words in the small print which are given in Italicks are cancelled in the copy, and the words placed under them adopted in their stead.

The beginning of the first book stands thus:

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess, sing,
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain.

The stern Pelides' *rage*, O Goddess, sing,
wrath

Of all the woes *of Greece* the fatal spring,
Grecian
That strewed with *warriors* dead the Phrygian plain,
heroes
And *peopled the dark hel. with heroes* slain;
fill'd the shady hell with chiefs untimely

Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore,
Since great *Achilles* and *Atrides* strove:
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Whose limbs, unburied on the hostile shore,
Devouring dogs and greedy vultures tore,
Since first *Atrides* and *Achilles* strove:
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Declare, O Muse, in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended Power?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The King of men his reverend priest defy'd,
And for the King's offence the people dy'd.

Declare, O Goddess, what offended Power
Inflam'd their *rage*, in that *ill-omen'd* hour;
anger fatal, hapless
Phœbus himself the *dire* debate procur'd,
fierce
T' avenge the wrongs his injur'd priest endur'd;
For this the God a dire infection spread,
And heap'd the camp with millions of the dead;
The King of men the sacred sire defy'd,
And for the King's offence the people dy'd.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain;
Suppliant the venerable father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands;
By these he begs, and, lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.

For Chryses sought by *presents to regain*
costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain!
Suppliant the venerable father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grac'd his hands.
By these he begs, and, lowly bending down
The golden sceptre and the laurel crown,
Presents the sceptre
For these as ensigns of his God he bare,
The God that sends his golden shafts afar;
Then, low on earth, the venerable man,
Suppliant, before the brother kings began.

He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race:
Ye kings and warriors, may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

To all he sued, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race:
Ye *sons of Atreus*, may your vows be crown'd,
Kings and warriors
Your labours, by the Gods be all your labours crown'd,
So may the Gods your arms with conquest bless,
And Troy's proud walls *lie* level with the ground;
Till laid
And crown your labour with deserv'd success;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my present move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

But, oh! relieve a hapless parent's pain,
And give my daughter to these arms again;
Receive my gifts; if mercy fails, yet let my present move,
And fear *the God that deals his darts around.*
avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

The Greeks, in shouts, their joint assent declare
The priest to reverence and release the fair.
Not so Atrides; he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus reply'd.

He said, the Greeks their joint assent declare,
The father said, the gen'rous Greeks relent,
T' accept the ransom, and release the fair;
Revere the priest, and speak their joint assent;
Not so *the tyrant*, he, with kingly pride,
Atrides
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus reply'd.
[Not so the tyrant. DRYDEN.]

Of these lines, and of the whole first book, I am told that there was yet a former copy, more varied, and more deformed with interlineations.

The beginning of the second book varies very little from the printed page, and is therefore set down without a parallel; the few differences do not require to be elaborately displayed.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye;
Stretch'd in their tents the Grecian leaders lie;
Th' Immortals slumber'd on their thrones above,
All but the ever-watchful eye of Jove.
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war.
Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,
And thus *commands* the vision of the night:
directs
Fly hence, delusive dream, and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's royal tent repair;
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
March all his legions to the dusty plain.
Now tell the King 'tis giv'n him to destroy
Declare ev'n now
The lofty *walls* of wide-extended Troy;
tow'rs

For now no more the Gods with fate contend;
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction *hovers* o'er yon devoted wall,
hangs
And nodding Ilium waits th' impending fall.

Invocation to the catalogue of Ships:

Say, Virgins, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddesses! immortal Nine! [height,
Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasur'd
And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,
(We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)
Oh! say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,
Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came!
To count them all demands a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass and adamantine lungs.

Now, virgin Goddesses, immortal Nine!
That round Olympus' heavenly summit shine,
Who see through heaven and earth, and hell profound,
And all things know, and all things can resound!
Relate what armies sought the Trojan land,
What nations follow'd, and what chiefs command;
(For doubtful fame distracts mankind below,
And nothing can we tell and nothing know)
Without your aid, to count th' unnumber'd train,
A thousand mouths, a thousand tongues, were vain.

Book v. *v.* 1.

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires;
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her *rage*, and warms with all her fires;
force
O'er all the Greeks decrees his fame to raise,
Above the Greeks *her warrior's* fame to raise,
his deathless
And crown her hero with *immortal* praise:
distinguish'd
Bright from his beamy *crest* the lightnings play,
High on helm
From his broad buckler flash'd the living ray;
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
The Goddess with her breath the flames supplies,
Bright as the star whose fires in Autumn rise;
Her breath divine thick streaming flames supplies,
Bright as the star that fires th' autumnal skies:
Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies:

When first he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And, bath'd in ocean, shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd;
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And gilds old Ocean with a blaze of light.
Bright as the star that fires th' autumnal skies,
Fresh from the deep, and gilds the seas and skies:
Such glories Pallas on her chief bestow'd,
Such sparkling rays from his bright armour flow'd;
Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd;
Onward she drives him *headlong* to engage,
furious
Where the *war bleeds*, and where the *fiercest* rage.
fight burns, thickest

The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;

In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;

There liv'd a Trojan—Dares was his name,
The priest of Vulcan, rich, yet void of blame;
The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault.

Conclusion of Book VIII. *v.* 687.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms by fits thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

As when in stillness of the silent night,
As when the moon in all her lustre bright;
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's *clear* azure *sheds* her *silver* light;
pure spreads sacred
As still in air the trembling lustre stood,
And o'er its golden border shoots a flood;

When *no loose gale* disturbs the deep serene,
not a breath
And *no dim* cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
not a
Around her silver throne the planets glow,
And stars unnumber'd trembling beams bestow:
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
Clear gleams of light o'er the dark trees are seen;
o'er the dark trees a yellow sheds,
O'er the dark trees a yellower *green* they shed;
gleam
verdure
And tip with silver all the *mountain* heads
forest
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
The vallies open, and the forests rise,
The vales appear, the rocks in prospect rise,
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
All nature stands reveal'd before our eyes;
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.
The conscious shepherd, joyful at the sight,
Eyes the blue vault, and numbers every light.
The conscious *swains, rejoicing at the sight,*
shepherds, gazing with delight
Eye the blue vault, and bless the *vivid* light,
glorious
useful
So many flames before *the navy* blaze,
proud Ilion,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
Wide o'er the fields to Troy extend the gleams,
And tip the distant spires with fainter beams;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gild the high walls, and tremble on the spires;
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires;
A thousand fires, at distant stations, bright,
Gild the dark prospect, and dispel the night.

Of these specimens every man who has cultivated poetry, or who delights to trace the mind from the rudeness of its first conceptions to the elegance of its last, will naturally desire a greater number; but most

other readers are already tired, and I am not writing only to poets and philosophers.

The "Iliad" was published volume by volume, as the translation proceeded: the four first[p] books appeared in 1715. The expectation of this work was undoubtedly high, and every man who had connected his name with criticism or poetry was desirous of such intelligence as might enable him to talk upon the popular topick. Halifax, who, by having been first a poet and then a patron of poetry, had acquired the right of being a judge, was willing to hear some books while they were yet unpublished. Of this rehearsal Pope afterwards gave the following account:[q]

"The famous Lord Halifax was rather a pretender "to taste than really possessed of it—When I had "finished the two or three first books of my translation of the 'Iliad,' that Lord desired to have the "pleasure of hearing them read at his house—Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. "In four or five places, Lord Halifax stopt me very "civilly, and with a speech each time of much the "same kind, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but "there is something in that passage that does not "quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, "and consider it a little at your leisure.—I am sure "you can give it a little turn.'—I returned from "Lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; "and, as we were going along, was saying to the "Doctor, that my Lord had laid me under a great "deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages "almost ever since, and could not guess at what it "was that offended his Lordship in either of them. "Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said, "I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord

[p] *First four.* This vulgar expression has escaped Dr. Johnson's accurate pen. C.

[q] Spence.

" Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not " puzzle myself about looking those places over and " over when I got home. 'All you need do (says " he) is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord " Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for " his kind observations on those passages, and then " read them to him as altered. I have known him " much longer than you have, and will be answerable " for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on " Lord Halifax some time after; said, I hoped he " would find his objections to those passages removed; " read them to him exactly as they were at first; " and his Lordship was extremely pleased with them, " and cried out, 'Ay, now they are perfectly right; " nothing can be better."

It is seldom that the great or the wise suspect that they are despised or cheated. Halifax, thinking this a lucky opportunity of securing immortality, made some advances of favour and some overtures of advantage to Pope, which he seems to have received with sullen coldness. All our knowledge of this transaction is derived from a single letter (Dec. 1, 1714), in which Pope says, " I am obliged to you, both for the " favours you have done me, and those you intend me. " I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when " it is to do good; and if I ever become troublesome " or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but " out of gratitude. Your Lordship may cause me " to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the " country, which is really all the difference I set be- " tween an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed " a high strain of generosity in you to think of mak- " ing me easy all my life, only because I have been so " happy as to divert you some few hours; but, if I " may have leave to add, it is because you think me " no enemy to my native country, there will appear " a better reason; for I must of consequence be very " much (as I sincerely am) yours, &c."

These voluntary offers, and this faint acceptance, ended without effect. The patron was not accustomed to such frigid gratitude; and the poet fed his own pride with the dignity of independence. They probably were suspicious of each other. Pope would not dedicate till he saw at what rate his praise was valued; he would be "troublesome out of gratitude, not ex-"pectation." Halifax thought himself entitled to confidence; and would give nothing unless he knew what he should receive. Their commerce had its beginning in hope of praise on one side, and of money on the other, and ended because Pope was less eager of money than Halifax of praise. It is not likely that Halifax had any personal benevolence to Pope; it is evident that Pope looked on Halifax with scorn and hatred.

The reputation of this great work failed of gaining him a patron, but it deprived him of a friend. Addison and he were now at the head of poetry and criticism; and both in such a state of elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Roman state, one could no longer bear an equal nor the other a superior. Of the gradual abatement of kindness between friends, the beginning is often scarcely discernible to themselves, and the process is continued by petty provocations and incivilities, sometimes peevishly returned and sometimes contemptuously neglected, which would escape all attention but that of pride, and drop from any memory but that of resentment. That the quarrel of these two wits should be minutely deduced, is not to be expected from a writer to whom, as Homer says, "nothing but rumour has reached, and who has no "personal knowledge."

Pope doubtless approached Addison, when the reputation of their wit first brought them together, with the respect due to a man whose abilities were acknowledged, and who, having attained that eminence to which he was himself aspiring, had in his hands the

distribution of literary fame. He paid court with sufficient diligence by his prologue to "Cato," by his abuse of Dennis, and with praise yet more direct, by his poem on the "Dialogues on Medals," of which the immediate publication was then intended. In all this there was no hypocrisy; for he confessed that he found in Addison something more pleasing than in any other man.

It may be supposed, that as Pope saw himself favoured by the world, and more frequently compared his own powers with those of others, his confidence increased and his submission lessened; and that Addison felt no delight from the advances of a young wit, who might soon contend with him for the highest place. Every great man, of whatever kind be his greatness, has among his friends those who officiously or insidiously quicken his attention to offences, heighten his disgust, and stimulate his resentment. Of such adherents Addison doubtless had many; and Pope was now too high to be without them.

From the emission and reception of the proposals for the "Iliad," the kindness of Addison seems to have abated. Jervas the painter once pleased himself (Aug. 20, 1714) with imagining that he had re-established their friendship; and wrote to Pope that Addison once suspected him of too close a confederacy with Swift, but was now satisfied with his conduct. To this Pope answered, a week after, that his engagements to Swift were such as his services in regard to the subscription demanded, and that the Tories never put him under the necessity of asking leave to be grateful. "But," says he, "as Mr. Addison must "be the judge in what regards himself, and has seem-"ed to be no very just one to me, so I must own to "you, I expect nothing but civility from him." In the same letter he mentions Philips, as having been busy to kindle animosity between them; but in a let-

ter to Addison, he expresses some consciousness of behaviour inattentively deficient in respect.

Of Swift's industry in promoting the subscription, there remains the testimony of Kennet, no friend to either him or Pope.

"Nov. 2, 1713, Dr. Swift came into the coffee-
"house, and had a bow from every body but me,
"who, I confess, could not but despise him. When
"I came to the anti-chamber to wait, before prayers,
"Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and busi-
"ness, and acted as master of requests.—Then he in-
"sructed a young nobleman that the *best poet in*
"*England* was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun
"a translation of Homer into English verse, for
"which *he must have them all subscribe;* for, says he,
"the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a
"thousand guineas for him."

About this time it is likely that Steele, who was, with all his political fury, good-natured and officious, procured an interview between these angry rivals, which ended in aggravated malevolence. On this occasion, if the reports be true, Pope made his complaint with frankness and spirit, as a man undeservedly neglected or opposed; and Addison affected a contemptuous unconcern, and, in a calm even voice, reproached Pope with his vanity, and, telling him of the improvements which his early works had received from his own remarks and those of Steele, said, that he, being now engaged in publick business, had no longer any care for his poetical reputation, nor had any other desire, with regard to Pope, than that he should not, by too much arrogance, alienate the publick.

To this Pope is said to have replied with great keenness and severity, upbraiding Addison with perpetual dependence, and with the abuse of those qualifications which he had obtained at the publick cost, and charging him with mean endeavours to obstruct the progress of rising merit. The contest rose so high

that they parted at last without any interchange of civility.

The first volume of *Homer* was (1715) in time published; and a rival version of the first *Iliad*, for rivals the time of their appearance inevitably made them, was immediately printed, with the name of Tickell. It was soon perceived that, among the followers of Addison, Tickell had the preference, and the criticks and poets divided into factions. "I," says Pope, "have the town, that is, the mob, on my "side; but it is not uncommon for the smaller party "to supply by industry what it wants in numbers.— "I appeal to the people as my rightful judges, and, "while they are not inclined to condemn me, shall "not fear the high-flyers at Button's." This opposition he immediately imputed to Addison, and complained of it in terms sufficiently resentful to Craggs, their common friend.

When Addison's opinion was asked, he declared the versions to be both good, but Tickell's the best that had ever been written; and sometimes said, that they were both good, but that Tickell had more of *Homer*.

Pope was now sufficiently irritated; his reputation and his interest were at hazard. He once intended to print together the four versions of Dryden, Maynwaring, Pope, and Tickell, that they might be readily compared, and fairly estimated. This design seems to have been defeated by the refusal of Tonson, who was the proprietor of the other three versions.

Pope intended, at another time, a rigorous criticism of Tickell's translation, and had marked a copy, which I have seen, in all places that appeared defective[r].

[r] This copy, which was found some years ago by Mr. Isaac Reed, is now in the Bishop of Worcester's library at Hartlebury Castle, and Mr. Reed's transcript of it is in the possession of the writer of this note. C.

But, while he was thus meditating defence or revenge, his adversary sunk before him without a blow; the voice of the publick was not long divided, and the preference was universally given to Pope's performance.

He was convinced, by adding one circumstance to another, that the other translation was the work of Addison himself; but if he knew it in Addison's lifetime it does not appear that he told it [s]. He left his illustrious antagonist to be punished by what has been considered as the most painful of all reflections, the remembrance of a crime perpetrated in vain.

The other circumstances of their quarrel were thus related by Pope [t].

" Philips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse " me in coffee-houses and conversations; and Gildon " wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had " abused both me and my relations very grossly. " Lord Warwick himself told me one day, that it was " in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. " Addison; that his jealous temper would never ad- " mit of a settled friendship between us; and, to con- " vince me of what he had said, assured me that Ad- " dison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scan- " dals, and had given him ten guineas after they were " published. The next day, while I was heated with " what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, " to let him know that I was not unacquainted with " this behaviour of his; that, if I was to speak se- " verely of him in return for it, it should be not in " such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him, " himself, fairly of his faults, and allow his good " qualities; and that it should be something in the

[s] Mr. Watts the printer, a man of integrity, assured a friend of Mr. Nichols, that the translation of the first book of the Iliad was in Tickell's handwriting, but much corrected and interlined by Addison. WARTON.

[t] Spence.

" following manner; I then adjoined the first sketch
" of what has since been called my satire on Addison.
" Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after [u]."

The verses on Addison, when they were sent to Atterbury, were considered by him as the most excellent of Pope's performances; and the writer was advised, since he knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed.

This year (1715) being, by the subscription, enabled to live more by choice, having persuaded his father to sell their estate at Binfield, he purchased, I think only for his life, that house at Twickenham, to which his residence afterwards procured so much celebration, and removed thither with his father and mother.

Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which his verses mention; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossile bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto, a place of silence and retreat, from which he endeavoured to persuade his friends and himself that cares and passions could be excluded.

A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden, and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage. It may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous and childish; whether it be that men conscious of great reputation think them-

[u] See however the life of Addison in the Biographia Britannica, last edition, in which he is satisfactorily vindicated by the late Mr. Justice Blackstone. C.

selves above the reach of censure, and safe in the admission of negligent indulgences, or that mankind expect from elevated genius an uniformity of greatness, and watch its degradation with malicious wonder; like him who, having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, should lament that she ever descended to a perch.

While the volumes of his *Homer* were annually published, he collected his former works (1717) into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a preface, written with great sprightliness and elegance, which was afterwards reprinted, with some passages subjoined that he at first omitted; other marginal additions of the same kind he made in the later editions of his poems. Waller remarks, that poets lose half their praise, because the reader knows not what they have blotted. Pope's voracity of fame taught him the art of obtaining the accumulated honour, both of what he had published and of what he had suppressed.

In this year his father died suddenly, in his seventy-fifth year, having passed twenty-nine years in privacy. He is not known but by the character which his son has given him [x]. If the money with which he retired was all gotten by himself, he had traded very successfully in times when sudden riches were rarely attainable.

The publication of the *Iliad* was at last completed in 1720. The splendour and success of this work raised Pope many enemies, that endeavoured to depreciate his abilities. Burnet, who was afterwards a judge of no mean reputation, censured him, in a piece called *Homerides*, before it was published. Ducket likewise endeavoured to make him ridiculous. Dennis was the perpetual persecutor of all his studies. But, whoever his critics were, their writings are lost;

[x] In the Epistle to Arbuthnot. C.

and the names which are preserved are preserved in the *Dunciad*.

In this disastrous year (1720) of national infatuation, when more riches than Peru can boast were expected from the South Sea, when the contagion of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets panted after wealth, Pope was seized with the universal passion, and ventured some of his money. The stock rose in its price; and for a while he thought himself the lord of thousands. But this dream of happiness did not last long; and he seems to have waked soon enough to get clear with the loss of what he once thought himself to have won, and perhaps not wholly of that.

Next year he published some select poems of his friend Dr. Parnell, with a very elegant dedication to the Earl of Oxford; who, after all his struggles and dangers, then lived in retirement, still under the frown of a victorious faction, who could take no pleasure in hearing his praise.

He gave the same year (1721) an edition of *Shakspeare*. His name was now of so much authority, that Tonson thought himself entitled, by annexing it, to demand a subscription of six guineas for Shakspeare's plays in six quarto volumes; nor did his expectation much deceive him; for, of seven hundred and fifty which he printed, he dispersed a great number at the price proposed. The reputation of that edition indeed sunk afterwards so low, that one hundred and forty copies were sold at sixteen shillings each.

On this undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings, he seems never to have reflected afterwards without vexation; for Theobald, a man of heavy diligence, with very slender powers, first, in a book called "Shakspeare Restored," and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory: and, as he was now high enough

to be feared and hated, Theobald had from others [y] all the help that could be supplied by the desire of humbling a haughty character.

From this time Pope became an enemy to editors, collators, commentators, and verbal criticks; and hoped to persuade the world, that he miscarried in this undertaking only by having a mind too great for such minute employment [z].

Pope in his edition undoubtedly did many things wrong, and left many things undone; but let him not be defrauded of his due praise. He was the first that knew, at least the first that told, by what helps the text might be improved. If he inspected the early editions negligently, he taught others to be more accurate. In his Preface he expanded with great skill and elegance the character which had been given of Shakspeare by Dryden; and he drew the publick attention upon his works, which, though often mentioned, had been little read.

Soon after the appearance of the *Iliad*, resolving not to let the general kindness cool, he published proposals for a translation of the *Odyssey*, in five volumes, for five guineas. He was willing, however, now to have associates in his labour, being either weary with toiling upon another's thoughts, or having heard, as Ruffhead relates, that Fenton and Broome had already begun the work, and liking better to have them confederates than rivals.

In the patent, instead of saying that he had "translated" the *Odyssey*, as he had said of the *Iliad*, he

[y] And in particular from Warburton, as mentioned hereafter. C.

[z] On this occasion Mallet addressed to him an epistle on Verbal Criticism, full of affected contempt for a sort of learning with which Mallet, as well as Pope, was unacquainted. This epistle procured him the friendship of Pope, who commends it in his Letters. How far Mallet returned this friendship will appear hereafter. WARTON.

says, that he had "undertaken" a translation; and in the proposals the subscription is said to be not solely for his own use, but for that of "two of his friends "who have assisted him in this work."

In 1723, while he was engaged in this new version, he appeared before the Lords at the memorable trial of Bishop Atterbury, with whom he had lived in great familiarity and frequent correspondence. Atterbury had honestly recommended to him the study of the Popish controversy, in hope of his conversion; to which Pope answered in a manner that cannot much recommend his principles or his judgment. In questions and projects of learning they agreed better. He was called at the trial to give an account of Atterbury's domestick life and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. Pope had but few words to utter, and in those few he made several blunders.

His Letters to Atterbury express the utmost esteem, tenderness, and gratitude: "perhaps," says he, "it "is not only in this world that I may have cause to "remember the Bishop of Rochester." At their last interview in the Tower, Atterbury presented him with a bible [a].

Of the *Odyssey* Pope translated only twelve books; the rest were the work of Broome and Fenton; the notes were written wholly by Broome, who was not over liberally rewarded. The public was carefully kept ignorant of the several shares; and an account was subjoined at the conclusion which is now known not to be true [b].

[a] The late Mr. Graves of Claverton informs us, that this Bible was afterwards used in the chapel of Prior Park. Dr. Warburton probably presented it to Mr. Allen. It is now in the possession of Lady Hawarden. C.

[b] It is now ascertained by Spence's papers, that Fenton translated the first, fourth, nineteenth, and twentieth Books; and Broome the second, sixth, eight, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth,

The first copy of Pope's books, with those of Fenton, are to be seen in the Museum. The parts of Pope are less interlined than the *Iliad*, and the latter books of the *Iliad* less than the former. He grew dexterous by practice, and every sheet enabled him to write the next with more facility. The books of Fenton have very few alterations by the hand of Pope. Those of Broome have not been found; but Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them.

His contract with Lintot was the same as for the *Iliad*, except that only one hundred pounds were to be paid him for each volume. The number of subscribers were five hundred and seventy-four, and of copies eight hundred and nineteen; so that his profit, when he had paid his assistants, was still very considerable. The work was finished in 1725; and from that time he resolved to make no more translations.

The sale did not answer Lintot's expectation; and he then pretended to discover something of fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a suit in Chancery.

On the English *Odyssey* a criticism was published by Spence, at that time Prelector of Poetry at Oxford[c]; a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful. His criticism, however, was commonly just. What he thought, he thought rightly: and his remarks were recommended by his coolness and candour. In him Pope had the

eighteenth, and twenty-third Books. Broome had five hundred pounds for his assistance, and Fenton three hundred. WARTON.

[c] Not Poetry Professor; that office was then filled by Dr. Warton's father. Mr. Spence's criticism was entitled, an "Essay "on the Odyssey," in a dialogue betwixt Philypsus and Antiphaus, after the manner of Bouhours and Dryden, on the Drama. Dr. Warton maintains that Spence was an excellent scholar; and adds, that he knows no critical treatise better calculated to form the taste of young men of genius than the above Essay. C.

first experience of a critick without malevolence, who thought it as much his duty to display beauties as expose faults; who censured with respect and praised with alacrity.

With this criticism Pope was so little offended, that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity, attended him in his last hours, and compiled memorials of his conversation. The regard of Pope recommended him to the great and powerful; and he obtained very valuable preferments in the church.

Not long after, Pope was returning home from a visit in a friend's coach, which, in passing a bridge, was overturned into the water; the windows were closed, and, being unable to force them open, he was in danger of immediate death, when the postilion snatched him out by breaking the glass, of which the fragments cut two of his fingers in such a manner that he lost their use.

Voltaire, who was then in England, sent him a letter of consolation. He had been entertained by Pope at his table, where he talked with so much grossness, that Mrs. Pope was driven from the room. Pope discovered, by a trick, that he was a spy for the court, and never considered him as a man worthy of confidence.

He soon afterwards (1727) joined with Swift, who was then in England, to publish three volumes of Miscellanies, in which, among other things, he inserted the "Memoirs of a Parish Clerk," in ridicule of Burnet's importance in his own history, and a "Debate upon Black and White Horses," written in all the formalities of a legal process, by the assistance, as is said, of Mr. Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls. Before these Miscellanies is a preface signed by Swift and Pope, but apparently written by Pope; in which he makes a ridiculous and romantick complaint of the robberies committed upon authors by the clandestine

seizure and sale of their papers. He tells, in tragick strains, how "the cabinets of the sick and the closets "of the dead have been broken open and ransacked;" as if those violences were often committed for papers of uncertain and accidental value which are rarely provoked by real treasures; as if epigrams and essays were in danger where gold and diamonds are safe. A cat hunted for his musk is, according to Pope's account, but the emblem of a wit winded by booksellers.

His complaint, however, received some attestation; for the same year the letters written by him to Mr. Cromwell in his youth were sold by Mrs. Thomas to Curl, who printed them.

In these Miscellanies was first published the "Art "of Sinking in Poetry," which, by such a train of consequences as usually passes in literary quarrels, gave in a short time, according to Pope's account, occasion to the *Dunciad*.

In the following year (1728) he began to put Atterbury's advice in practice; and shewed his satirical powers by publishing the *Dunciad*, one of his greatest and most elaborate performances, in which he endeavoured to sink into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked, and some others whom he thought unable to defend themselves.

At the head of the Dunces he placed poor Theobald, whom he accused of ingratitude; but whose real crime was supposed to be that of having revised "Shakspeare" more happily than himself. This satire had the effect which he intended, by blasting the characters which it touched. Ralph, who, unnecessarily interposing in the quarrel, got a place in a subsequent edition, complained that for a time he was in danger of starving, as the booksellers had no longer any confidence in his capacity.

The prevalence of this poem was gradual and slow: the plan, if not wholly new, was little understood by common readers. Many of the allusions required il-

lustration; the names were often expressed only by the initial and final letters, and, if they had been printed at length, were such as few had known or recollected. The subject itself had nothing generally interesting; for whom did it concern to know that one or another scribbler was a dunce? If therefore it had been possible for those who were attacked to conceal their pain and their resentment, the *Dunciad* might have made its way very slowly in the world.

This, however, was not to be expected: every man is of importance to himself, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is perhaps the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear them will only laugh; for no man sympathizes with the sorrows of vanity.

The history of the *Dunciad* is very minutely related by Pope himself, in a Dedication which he wrote to Lord Middlesex, in the name of Savage [d].

"I will relate the wars of the 'Dunces' (for so it "has been commonly called) which began in the year "1727, and ended in 1730.

"When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, "for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscel-"lanies, to publish such little pieces of theirs as had "casually got abroad, there was added to them the "'Treatise of the Bathos,' or the 'Art of Sinking "in Poetry.' It happened that, in one chapter of "this piece, the several species of bad poets were "ranged in classes, to which were prefixed almost all "the letters of the alphabet (the greatest part of "them at random); but such was the number of "poets eminent in that art, that some one or other "took every letter to himself: all fell into so violent

[d] According to Dr. Warton, Savage assisted Pope in finding out many particulars of these scribblers' lives. C.

" a fury, that, for half a year or more, the common
" newspapers (in most of which they had some pro-
" perty, as being hired writers,) were filled with the
" most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could
" possibly devise: a liberty no ways to be wondered
" at in those people, and in those papers, that, for
" many years during the uncontrouled licence of the
" press, had aspersed almost all the great characters
" of the age; and this with impunity, their own per-
" sons and names being utterly secret and obscure.

" This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had
" now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting
" and dragging into light these common enemies of
" mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slan-
" der, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were
" the authors of it. He was not without hopes that,
" by manifesting the dulness of those who had only
" malice to recommend them, either the booksellers
" would not find their account in employing them, or
" the men themselves, when discovered, want courage
" to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it
" was that gave birth to the *Dunciad*; and he thought
" it an happiness, that, by the late flood of slander
" on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right
" over their names as was necessary to this design.

" On the 12th of March, 1729, at St. James's,
" that poem was presented to the King and Queen
" (who had before been pleased to read it) by the
" Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole; and, some
" days after, the whole impression was taken and
" dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the
" first distinction.

" It is certainly a true observation, that no people
" are so impatient of censure as those who are the
" greatest slanderers, which was wonderfully exem-
" plified on this occasion. On the day the book was
" first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop;
" entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay,

" cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the " coming out of the *Dunciad*; on the other side, the " booksellers and hawkers made as great efforts to " procure it. What could a few poor authors do " against so great a majority as the publick? There " was no stopping a current with a finger; so out it " came.

" Many ludicrous circumstances attended it. The " 'Dunces' (for by this name they were called) held " weekly clubs, to consult of hostilities against the " author: one wrote a letter to a great minister, as- " suring him Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the " government had; and another bought his image in " clay, to execute him in effigy; with which sad " sort of satisfaction the gentlemen were a little com- " forted.

" Some false editions of the book having an owl " in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish " it, fixed in his stead an ass laden with authors. " Then another surreptitious one being printed with " the same ass, the new edition in octavo returned for " distinction to the owl again. Hence arose a great " contest of booksellers against booksellers, and ad- " vertisements against advertisements; some recom- " mending the edition of the owl, and others the edi- " tion of the ass; by which names they came to be " distinguished, to the great honour also of the gen- " tlemen of the *Dunciad*."

Pope appears by this narrative to have contemplated his victory over the "Dunces" with great exultation; and such was his delight in the tumult which he had raised, that for a while his natural sensibility was suspended, and he read reproaches and invectives without emotion, considering them only as the necessary effects of that pain which he rejoiced in having given.

It cannot however be concealed that, by his own confession, he was the aggressor; for nobody believes that the letters in the "Bathos" were placed at ran-

dom; and it may be discovered that, when he thinks himself concealed, he indulges the common vanity of common men, and triumphs in those distinctions which he had affected to despise. He is proud that his book was presented to the King and Queen by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole; he is proud that they had read it before; he is proud that the edition was taken off by the nobility and persons of the first distinction.

The edition of which he speaks was, I believe, that which, by telling in the text the names, and in the notes the characters, of those whom he had satirized, was made intelligible and diverting. The criticks had now declared their approbation of the plan, and the common reader began to like it without fear; those who were strangers to petty literature, and therefore unable to decipher initials and blanks, had now names and persons brought within their view, and delighted in the visible effect of those shafts of malice which they had hitherto contemplated as shot into the air.

Dennis, upon the fresh provocation now given him, renewed the enmity which had for a time been appeased by mutual civilities; and published remarks, which he had till then suppressed, upon *The Rape of the Lock*. Many more grumbled in secret, or vented their resentment in the newspapers by epigrams or invectives.

Ducket, indeed, being mentioned as loving Burnet with "pious passion," pretended that his moral character was injured, and for some time declared his resolution to take vengeance with a cudgel. But Pope appeased him, by changing "pious passion" to "cor-"dial friendship;" and by a note, in which he vehemently disclaims the malignity of meaning imputed to the first expression.

Aaron Hill, who was represented as diving for the prize, expostulated with Pope in a manner so much

superior to all mean solicitation, that Pope was reduced to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologize: he first endeavours to wound, and is then afraid to own that he meant a blow.

The *Dunciad*, in the complete edition, is addressed to Dr. Swift: of the notes, part were written by Dr. Arbuthnot; and an apologetical Letter was prefixed, signed by Cleland, but supposed to have been written by Pope[c].

After this general war upon Dulness, he seems to have indulged himself awhile in tranquillity; but his subsequent productions prove that he was not idle. He published (1731) a poem on *Taste*, in which he very particularly and severely criticises the house, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments, of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste. By Timon he was universally supposed, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said, to mean the Duke of Chandos: a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had consequently the voice of the public in his favour.

A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation.

The receipt of the thousand pounds Pope publickly denied; but from the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him he tried all means of escaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an apology by which no man was satisfied; and he was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavour to make that disbe-

[c] Certainly written by him. This complete edition was elegantly printed in 4to. by Dodd, 1729. WARTON.

lieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said, that to have ridiculed his taste, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused.

Pope, in one of his letters, complaining of the treatment which his poem had found, "owns that "such criticks can intimidate him, nay almost per-"suade him to write no more, which is a compliment "this age deserves." The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time will cease to miss him. I have heard of an idiot who used to revenge his vexations by laying all night upon the bridge. "There is nothing," says Juvenal, "that a man will "not believe in his own favour." Pope had been flattered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life. When he talked of laying down his pen, those who sat round him entreated and implored; and self-love did not suffer him to suspect that they went away and laughed.

The following year deprived him of Gay, a man whom he had known early, and whom he seemed to love with more tenderness than any other of his literary friends. Pope was now forty-four years old; an age at which the mind begins less easily to admit new confidence, and the will to grow less flexible; and when, therefore, the departure of an old friend is very acutely felt.

In the next year he lost his mother, not by an unexpected death, for she had lasted to the age of ninety-three: but she did not die unlamented. The filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and

exemplary; his parents had the happiness of living till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son.

One of the passages of Pope's life which seems to deserve some enquiry was a publication of Letters between him and many of his friends, which falling into the hands of Curl, a rapacious bookseller of no good fame, were by him printed and sold. This volume containing some letters from noblemen, Pope incited a prosecution against him in the House of Lords for breach of privilege, and attended himself to stimulate the resentment of his friends. Curl appeared at the bar, and, knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence: "He has," said Curl, "a knack at versifying, but in prose I think myself a match for him." When the orders of the House were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed; Curl went away triumphant, and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

Curl's account was, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered to sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epistolary correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorized to use his purchase to his own advantage.

That Curl gave a true account of the transaction it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected; and when, some years afterwards, I mentioned it to Lintot, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than any

body else how Curl obtained the copies[f], because another parcel was at the same time sent to himself, for which no other price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and consequently not to deal with a nameless agent.

Such care had been taken to make them publick, that they were sent at once to two booksellers; to Curl, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing; and Curl did what was expected. That to make them publick was the only purpose may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers offered to sale by the private messengers shewed that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression.

It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his Letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this counry been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of compulsion; that, when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.

Pope's private correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with praises of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes, and the fidelity of his friendship. There were some Letters which a very good or a very wise man would wish suppressed; but, as they had been already exposed, it was impracticable now to retract them.

[f] One circumstance, which has not been hitherto observed, puts the matter beyond all doubt. Almost all the letters in that very collection which Pope calls the spurious one, are carefully corrected and amended. That any one else should have taken the trouble of doing this is not likely: that he did it himself will appear, when we find that the letters printed in his own name, in 1735, retained all the amendments, corrections, additions, &c. he had carefully inserted in the "spurious edition." BOWLES.

From the perusal of those Letters, Mr. Allen first conceived the desire of knowing him; and with so much zeal did he cultivate the friendship which he had newly formed, that when Pope told his purpose of vindicating his own property by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the cost.

This however Pope did not accept; but in time solicited a subscription for a quarto volume, which appeared (1737) I believe, with sufficient profit. In the preface he tells, that his Letters were reposited in a friend's library, said to be the Earl of Oxford's, and that the copy thence stolen was sent to the press. The story was doubtless received with different degrees of credit. It may be suspected that the Preface to the Miscellanies was written to prepare the publick for such an incident; and, to strengthen this opinion, James Worsdale a painter, who was employed in clandestine negociations, but whose veracity was very doubtful, declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curl.

When they were thus published and avowed, as they had relation to recent facts and persons either then living or not yet forgotten, they may be supposed to have found readers; but as the facts were minute, and the characters, being either private or literary, were little known or little regarded, they awakened no popular kindness or resentment: the book never became much the subject of conversation; some read it as a contemporary history, and some perhaps as a model of epistolary language; but those who read it did not talk of it. Not much therefore was added by it to fame or envy; nor do I remember that it produced either publick praise or publick censure.

It had however, in some degree, the recommendation of novelty; our language had few letters, except those of statesmen. Howel, indeed, about a century ago, published his letters, which are commended by

Morhoff, and which alone, of his hundred volumes, continue his memory. Loveday's letters were printed only once; those of Herbert and Suckling are hardly known. Mrs. Phillips's [Orinda's] are equally neglected. And those of Walsh seem written as exercises, and were never sent to any living mistress or friend. Pope's epistolary excellence had an open field; he had no English rival living or dead.

Pope is seen in this collection as connected with the other contemporary wits, and certainly suffers no disgrace in the comparison; but it must be remembered, that he had the power of favouring himself; he might have originally had publication in his mind, and have written with care, or have afterwards selected those which he had most happily conceived or most diligently laboured; and I know not whether there does not appear something more studied and artificial[g] in his productions than the rest, except one long letter by Bolingbroke, composed with the skill and industry of a professed author. It is indeed not easy to distinguish affectation from habit; he that has once studiously formed a style rarely writes afterwards with complete ease. Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift, perhaps, like a man who remembered he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot, like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind.

Before these letters appeared, he published the first part of what he persuaded himself to think a system of ethicks, under the title of *An Essay on Man;* which, if his Letter to Swift (of Sept. 14, 1725) be rightly explained by the commentator, had been eight years under his consideration, and of which he seems to have

[g] These letters were evidently prepared for the press by Pope himself. Some of the originals, lately discovered, and now printed in this edition, will prove this beyond all dispute. C.

desired the success with great solicitude. He had now many open and doubtless many secret enemies. The "Dunces" were yet smarting with the war; and the superiority which he publickly arrogated disposed the world to wish his humiliation.

All this he knew, and against all this he provided. His own name, and that of his friend to whom the work is inscribed, were in the first editions carefully suppressed; and the poem, being of a new kind, was ascribed to one or another, as favour determined or conjecture wandered: it was given, says Warburton, to every man, except him only who could write it. Those who like only when they like the author, and who are under the dominion of a name, condemned it; and those admired it who are willing to scatter praise at random, which while it is unappropriated excites no envy. Those friends of Pope that were trusted with the secret went about lavishing honours on the new-born poet, and hinting that Pope was never so much in danger from any former rival.

To those authors whom he had personally offended, and to those whose opinion the world considered as decisive, and whom he suspected of envy or malevolence, he sent his essay as a present before publication, that they might defeat their own enmity by praises which they could not afterwards decently retract.

With these precautions, 1733, was published the first part of the *Essay on Man* [h]. There had been for some time a report that Pope was busy upon a System of Morality; but this design was not discovered in the new poem, which had a form and a title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform; some thought it a very imperfect piece, though

[h] The first part was published in 1732, the second in the same year, the third in 1733, and the fourth in 1734. WARTON.

not without good lines[1]. When the author was unknown, some, as will always happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and some censured him as an intruder; but all thought him above neglect; the sale increased and editions were multiplied.

The subsequent editions of the first Epistle exhibited two memorable corrections. At first, the poet and his friend

> Expatiate freely o'er this scene of man,
> A mighty maze *of walks without a plan:*

For which he wrote afterwards,

> A mighty maze, *but not without a plan:*

for, if there were no plan, it were in vain to describe or to trace the maze.

The other alteration was of these lines:

> And spite of pride, *and in thy reason's spite,*
> One truth is clear, whatever is, is right;

but having afterwards discovered, or been shewn, that the "truth" which subsisted "in spite of reason" could not be very "clear," he substituted

> And spite of pride, *in erring reason's spite:*

To such oversights will the most vigorous mind be liable when it is employed at once upon argument and poetry.

The second and third Epistles were published; and Pope was, I believe, more and more suspected of writing them; at last, in 1734, he avowed the fourth, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

In the conclusion it is sufficiently acknowledged, that the doctrine of the *Essay on Man* was received

[1] He enjoyed in private the various suspicious surmises of those who pretended to point out the right author, and once punished the vanity and petulance of Mallet, who, being asked by him what new publication there was, answered, "Only an insignificant thing, called, An Essay on Man," on which Pope struck him dumb, and filled him with confusion, by saying "I wrote it." WARTON.

from Bolingbroke, who is said to have ridiculed Pope, among those who enjoyed his confidence, as having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own. That those communications had been consolidated into a scheme regularly drawn, and delivered to Pope, from whom it returned only transformed from prose to verse, has been reported, but can hardly be true. The Essay plainly appears the fabrick of a poet; what Bolingbroke supplied could be only the first principles; the order, illustration, and embellishments, must all be Pope's.

These principles it is not my business to clear from obscurity, dogmatism, or falsehood; but they were not immediately examined; philosophy and poetry have not often the same readers; and the Essay abounded in splendid amplifications and sparkling sentences, which were read and admired with no great attention to their ultimate purpose; its flowers caught the eye, which did not see what the gay foliage concealed, and for a time flourished in the sunshine of universal approbation. So little was any evil tendency discovered, that, as innocence is unsuspicious, many read it for a manual of piety.

Its reputation soon invited a translator. It was first turned into French prose, and afterwards by Resnel into verse. Both translations fell into the hands of Crousaz, who first, when he had the version in prose, wrote a general censure, and afterwards reprinted Resnel's version, with particular remarks upon every paragraph[k].

Crousaz was a professor of Switzerland, eminent for his treatise of Logick and his "Examen de Pyr-

[k] An Italian translation was published in 1772, by Count Gius. Ferrero de Lauriano. Of this Metastasio says that the innocence of the original is evidently proved in the judicious, Christian and learned notes. WARTON.

"rhonisme;" and, however little known or regarded here, was no mean antagonist. His mind was one of those in which philosophy and piety are happily united. He was accustomed to argument and disquisition, and perhaps was grown too desirous of detecting faults; but his intentions were always right, his opinions were solid, and his religion pure.

His incessant vigilance for the promotion of piety disposed him to look with distrust upon all metaphysical systems of theology, and all schemes of virtue and happiness purely rational; and therefore it was not long before he was persuaded that the positions of Pope, as they terminated for the most part in natural religion, were intended to draw mankind away from revelation, and to represent the whole course of things as a necessary concatenation of indissoluble fatality; and it is undeniable, that in many passages a religious eye may easily discover expressions not very favourable to morals or to liberty.

About this time Warburton began to make his appearance in the first ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination nor clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him an haughty confidence, which he disdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some who favoured the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman emperor's determination,

oderint dum metuant ; he used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade.

His style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness; he took the words that presented themselves; his diction is coarse and impure; and his sentences are unmeasured.

He had, in the early part of his life, pleased himself with the notice of inferior wits, and corresponded with the enemies of Pope[k]. A letter[l] was produced, when he had perhaps himself forgotten it, in which he tells Concanen, "Dryden, I observe, borrows for "want of leisure and Pope for want of genius; Mil-"ton out of pride and Addison out of modesty." And when Theobald published "Shakspeare," in opposition to Pope, the best notes were supplied by Warburton.

But the time was now come when Warburton was to change his opinion; and Pope was to find a defender in him who had contributed so much to the exaltation of his rival.

The arrogance of Warburton excited against him every artifice of offence, and therefore it may be supposed that his union with Pope was censured as hypocritical inconstancy; but surely to think differently, at different times, of poetical merit, may be easily allowed. Such opinions are often admitted, and dismissed, without nice examination. Who is there that has not found reason for changing his mind about questions of greater importance?

Warburton, whatever was his motive, undertook, without solicitation, to rescue Pope from the talons of Crousaz, by freeing him from the imputation of favouring fatality, or rejecting revelation, and from

[k] It is asserted that, some years before, Warburton, in a literary club, held at Newark, produced and read a Dissertation against the doctrines of the Essay on Man. WARTON.

[l] This letter is in Mr. Malone's Supplement to Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 223. C.

month to month continued a vindication of the *Essay on Man*, in the literary journal of that time called "The Republick of Letters."

Pope, who probably began to doubt the tendency of his own work, was glad that the positions, of which he perceived himself not to know the full meaning, could by any mode of interpretation be made to mean well. How much he was pleased with his gratuitous defender, the following letter evidently shews:

SIR, April 11, 1732.

"I HAVE just received from Mr. R. two more of "your Letters. It is in the greatest hurry imaginable "that I write this; but I cannot help thanking you in "particular for your third Letter, which is so ex-"tremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. "Crousaz ought never to have another answer, and "deserved not so good an one. I can only say, you "do him too much honour, and me too much right, "so odd as the expression seems; for you have made "my system as clear as I ought to have done, and "could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, "but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say "our natural body is the same still when it is glori-"fied. I am sure I like it better than I did before, "and so will every man else. I know I meant just "what you explain; but I did not explain my own "meaning so well as you. You understand me as "well as I do myself; but you express me better "than I could express myself. Pray accept the sin-"cerest acknowledgements. I cannot but wish these "Letters were put together in one book, and intend "(with your leave) to procure a translation of part "at least, or of all of them, into French; but I "shall not proceed a step without your consent and "opinion," &c.

By this fond and eager acceptance of an exculpatory comment, Pope testified that, whatever might be the seeming or real import of the principles which he had received from Bolingbroke, he had not intentionally attacked religion; and Bolingbroke, if he meant to make him, without his own consent, an instrument of mischief, found him now engaged, with his eyes open, on the side of truth.

It is known that Bolingbroke concealed from Pope his real opinions. He once discovered them to Mr. Hooke, who related them again to Pope, and was told by him that he must have mistaken the meaning of what he heard; and Bolingbroke, when Pope's uneasiness incited him to desire an explanation, declared that Hooke had misunderstood him.

Bolingbroke hated Warburton, who had drawn his pupil from him; and a little before Pope's death they had a dispute, from which they parted with mutual aversion.

From this time Pope lived in the closest intimacy with his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindness and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, by whose interest he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his estate, and by consequence a bishoprick. When he died, he left him the property of his works; a legacy which may be reasonably estimated at four thousand pounds.

Pope's fondness for the *Essay on Man* appeared by hisdesire of its propagation. Dobson, who had gained reputation by his version of Prior's "Solomon," was employed by him to translate it into Latin verse, and was for that purpose some time at Twickenham; but he left his work, whatever was the reason, unfinished, and, by Benson's invitation, undertook the longer task of "Paradise Lost." Pope then desired his friend to find a scholar who should turn his Essay into

Latin prose; but no such performance has ever appeared.

Pope lived at this time *among the great*, with that reception and respect to which his works entitled him, and which he had not impaired by any private misconduct or factious partiality. Though Bolingbroke was his friend, Walpole was not his enemy; but treated him with so much consideration, as, at his request, to solicit and obtain from the French minister an abbey for Mr. Southcot, whom he considered himself as obliged to reward, by this exertion of his interest, for the benefit which he had received from his attendance in a long illness.

It was said, that, when the court was at Richmond, Queen Caroline had declared her intention to visit him. This may have been only a careless effusion, thought on no more; the report of such notice, however, was soon in many mouths; and, if I do not forget or misapprehend Savage's account, Pope, pretending to decline what was not yet offered, left his house for a time, not, I suppose, for any other reason than lest he should be thought to stay at home in expectation of an honour which would not be conferred. He was therefore angry at Swift, who represents him as "refusing the visits of a Queen," because he knew that what had never been offered had never been refused.

Besides the general system of morality, supposed to be contained in the *Essay on Man*, it was his intention to write distinct poems upon the different duties or conditions of life; one of which is the Epistle to Lord Bathurst (1733) *On the Use of Riches*, a piece on which he declared great labour to have been bestowed [m].

[m] Spence. Dr. Johnson does not always adhere to the strict chronological order. This Epistle appeared in 1732. C.

Into this poem some hints are historically thrown, and some known characters are introduced, with others of which it is difficult to say how far they are real or fictitious, but the praise of Kyrl, the Man of Ross, deserves particular examination, who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his public works and private charities, is said to have diffused all those blessings from *five hundred a-year*. Wonders are willingly told and willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrl was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place; and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man, being made more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of romantick and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavoured, it must be shewn to be possible.

This is the only piece in which the author has given a hint of his religion, by ridiculing the ceremony of burning the pope, and by mentioning with some indignation the inscription on the monument.

When this poem was first published, the dialogue, having no letters of direction, was perplexed and obscure. Pope seems to have written with no very distinct idea; for he calls that an "Epistle to Bathurst" in which Bathurst is introduced as speaking[n].

He afterwards (1734)[o] inscribed to Lord Cobham his "Characters of Men," written with close atten-

[n] Dr. Warton seems to intimate that this Epistle was converted into a Dialogue, in the *later editions*, and that Lord Bathurst frequently expressed his disgust at it. C.

[o] In 1733

tion to the operations of the mind and modifications of life. In this poem he has endeavoured to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the *ruling passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some particular object; an innate affection, which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates upon the whole system of life, either openly, or more secretly by the intervention of some accidental or subordinate propension.

Of any passion thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means constant; men change by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is at another a lover of money. Those indeed who attain any excellence commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardour and emulation.

It must at least be allowed that this *ruling passion*, antecedent to reason and observation, must have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural desire of artificial good. No man therefore can be born, in the strict acceptation, a lover of money; for he may be born where money does not exist: nor can he be born, in a moral sense, a lover of his country; for society, politically regulated, is a state contradistinguished from a state of nature; and any attention to that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country is possible only to those whom inquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

This doctrine is in itself pernicious as well as false; its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral

predestination, or over-ruling principle which cannot be resisted; he that admits it is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself that he submits only to the lawful dominion of Nature, in obeying the resistless authority of his *ruling passion*.

Pope has formed his theory with so little skill, that, in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits.

To the "Characters of Men," he added soon after, in an epistle supposed to have been addressed to Martha Blount, but which the last edition has taken from her, the "Characters of Women." This poem, which was laboured with great diligence, and in the author's opinion with great success, was neglected at its first publication, as the commentator supposes, because the publick was informed, by an advertisement, that it contained *no character drawn from the life;* an assertion which Pope probably did not expect nor wish to have been believed, and which he soon gave his readers sufficient reason to distrust, by telling them in a note that the work was imperfect, because part of his subject was *vice too high* to be yet exposed.

The time however soon came, in which it was safe to display the Duchess of Marlborough under the name of *Alossa;* and her character was inserted with no great honour to the writer's gratitude.

He published from time to time (between 1730 and 1740) Imitations of different poems of Horace, generally with his name, and once, as was suspected, without it [q]. What he was upon moral principles ashamed to own, he ought to have suppressed. Of these pieces

[q] The first specimen was published 1733, fol. with this title, "The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace, imitated in a "Dialogue between Alexander Pope of Twickenham, in Comm. "Midd. Esq. on the one part, and his learned Council on the "other."

it is useless to settle the dates, as they had seldom much relation to the times, and perhaps had been long in his hands.

This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiarized, by adapting their sentiments to modern topicks, by making Horace say of Shakspeare what he originally said of Ennius, and accommodating his satires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was first practised in the reign of Charles the Second by Oldham and Rochester; at least I remember no instances more ancient. It is a kind of middle composition between translation and original design, which pleases when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable, and the parallels lucky. It seems to have been Pope's favourite amusement; for he has carried it farther than any former poet.

He published likewise a revival, in smoother numbers, of Dr. Donne's Satires, which was recommended to him by the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford. They made no great impression on the publick. Pope seems to have known their imbecility, and therefore suppresed them while he was yet contending to rise in reputation, but ventured them when he thought their deficiencies more likely to be imputed to Donne than to himself.

The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which seems to be derived in its first design from Boileau's Address *à son Esprit*, was published in January, 1735, about a month before the death of him to whom it is inscribed. It is to be regretted, that either honour or pleasure should have been missed by Arbuthnot; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety.

Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a

scholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal.

In this poem Pope seems to reckon with the publick. He vindicates himself from censures; and with dignity, rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindness and respect.

Into this poem are interwoven several paragraphs which had been before printed as a fragment, and among them the satirical lines upon Addison, of which the last couplet has been twice corrected. It was at first,

> Who would not smile if such a man there be?
> Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

Then,

> Who would not grieve if such a man there be?
> Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

At last it is,

> Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

He was at this time at open war with Lord Hervey, who had distinguished himself as a steady adherent to the ministry; and being offended with a contemptuous answer to one of his pamphlets [r], had summoned Pulteney to a duel. Whether he or Pope made the first attack, perhaps, cannot now be easily known: he had written an invective against Pope, whom he calls, "Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure;" and hints that his father was a *batter* [s]. To this Pope wrote a reply in verse and prose; the verses are in this poem; and the prose, though it was never sent, is printed among his letters; but to a cool reader

[r] Intituled, "Sedition and Defamation displayed." 8vo. 1733. R.

[s] Among many MSS. letters, &c. relating to Pope, which I have lately seen, is a lampoon in the Bible-style, of much humour, but irreverent, in which Pope is ridiculed as the son of a *batter*. C.

of the present time exhibits nothing but tedious malignity.

His last satires of the general kind were two dialogues, named, from the year in which they were published, "Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight." In these poems many are praised and many reproached. Pope was then entangled in the opposition: a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the conduct of the ministers. His political partiality was too plainly shewn: he forgot the prudence with which he passed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending, through much more violent conflicts of faction.

In the first Dialogue, having an opportunity of praising Allen of Bath, he asked his leave to mention him as a man not illustrious by any merit of his ancestors, and called him in his verses "low-born Allen." Men are seldom satisfied with praise introduced or followed by any mention of defect. Allen seems not to have taken any pleasure in his epithet, which was afterwards softened [t] into "humble Allen."

In the second Dialogue he took some liberty with one of the Foxes, among others; which Fox, in a reply to Lyttleton, took an opportunity of repaying, by reproaching him with the friendship of a lampooner, who scattered his ink without fear or decency, and against whom he hoped the resentment of the legislature would quickly be discharged.

About this time Paul Whitehead, a small poet, was summoned before the Lords for a poem called "Manners," together with Dodsley his publisher. Whitehead, who hung loose upon society, sculked and

[t] On a hint from Warburton. There is however reason to think from the appearance of the house in which Allen was born at St. Blaise, that he was not of a *low* but of a *decayed* family. C.

escaped; but Dodsley's shop and family made his appearance necessary. He was, however, soon dismissed; and the whole process was probably intended rather to intimidate Pope than to punish Whitehead.

Pope never afterwards attempted to join the patriot with the poet, nor drew his pen upon statesmen. That he desisted from his attempts of reformation is imputed, by his commentator, to his despair of prevailing over the corruption of the time. He was not likely to have been ever of opinion, that the dread of his satire would countervail the love of power or of money; he pleased himself with being important and formidable, and gratified sometimes his pride, and sometimes his resentment; till at last he began to think he should be more safe, if he were less busy.

The "Memoirs of Scriblerus," published about this time, extend only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of Queen Anne, and denominated themselves the "Scriblerus Club." Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a fictitious life of an infatuated scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and Warburton laments its miscarriage, as an event very disastrous to polite letters.

If the whole may be estimated by this specimen, which seems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are so little practised, that they are not known; nor can the satire be understood but by the learned: he raises phantoms of absurdity, and then drives them away. He cures diseases that were never felt.

For this reason this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read, has been forgot-

ten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier, by remembering it.

The design cannot boast of much originality; for, besides its general resemblance to Don Quixote, there will be found in it particular imitations of the History of Mr. Ouffle.

Swift carried so much of it into Ireland as supplied him with hints for his Travels; and with those the world might have been contented, though the rest had been suppressed.

Pope had sought for images and sentiments in a region not known to have been explored by many other of the English writers; he had consulted the modern writers of Latin poetry, a class of authors whom Boileau endeavoured to bring into contempt, and who are too generally neglected. Pope, however, was not ashamed of their acquaintance, nor ungrateful for the advantages which he might have derived from it. A small selection from the Italians who wrote in Latin had been published at London, about the latter end of the last century, by a man [u] who concealed his name, but whom his preface shews to have been well qualified for his undertaking. This collection Pope amplified by more than half, and (1740) published it in two volumes, but injuriously omitted his predecessor's preface. To these books, which had nothing but the mere text, no regard was paid; the authors were still neglected, and the editor was neither praised nor censured.

He did not sink into idleness; he had planned a work, which he considered as subsequent to his "Essay on Man," of which he has given this account to Dr. Swift:

[u] Since discovered to have been Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester. — See the Collection of that Prelate's Epistolary Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 6. N.

"March 25, 1736.

"If ever I write any more epistles in verse, one of "them shall be addressed to you. I have long con-"certed it, and begun it; but I would make what "bears your name as finished as my last work ought "to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the "rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four "epistles which naturally follow the 'Essay on Man;' "viz. 1. Of the Extent and Limits of human Reason "and Science. 2. A View of the useful and there-"fore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore "unattainable, Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Ap-"plication, and Use, of different Capacities. 4. Of "the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, "and of Wit. It will conclude with a satire against "the Misapplication of all these, exemplified by Pic-"tures, Characters, and Examples."

This work in its full extent, being now afflicted with an asthma, and finding the powers of life gradually declining, he had no longer courage to undertake; but, from the materials which he had provided, he added, at Warburton's request, another book to the "Dunciad," of which the design is to ridicule such studies as are either hopeless or useless, as either pursue what is unattainable, or what, if it be attained, is of no use.

When this book was printed (1742) the laurel had been for some time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be supposed that Pope could regard with much kindness or esteem, though in one of the imitations of Horace he has liberally enough praised the "Careless Husband." In the "Dunciad," among other worthless scribblers, he had mentioned Cibber; who, in his "Apology," complains of the great Poet's unkindness as more injurious, "because," says he, "I never have offended him."

It might have been expected that Pope should have been, in some degree, mollified by this submissive gen-

tleness, but no such consequence appeared. Though he condescended to commend Cibber once, he mentioned him afterwards contemptuously in one of his satires, and again in his Epistle to Arbuthnot; and in the fourth book of the "Dunciad" attacked him with acrimony, to which the provocation is not easily discoverable. Perhaps he imagined that, in ridiculing the laureate, he satirized those by whom the laurel had been given, and gratified that ambitious petulance with which he affected to insult the great.

The severity of this satire left Cibber no longer any patience. He had confidence enough in his own powers to believe that he could disturb the quiet of his adversary, and doubtless did not want instigators, who, without any care about the victory, desired to amuse themselves by looking on the contest. He therefore gave the town a pamphlet, in which he declares his resolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it, and to tire out his adversary by perseverance, if he cannot conquer him by strength.

The incessant and unappeasable malignity of Pope he imputes to a very distant cause. After the "Three "Hours after Marriage" had been driven off the stage, by the offence which the mummy and crocodile gave the audience, while the exploded scene was yet fresh in memory, it happened that Cibber played Bayes in the Rehearsal; and, as it had been usual to enliven the part by the mention of any recent theatrical transactions, he said, that he once thought to have introdued his lovers disguised in a mummy and a crocodile. "This," says he, "was received with loud claps, "which indicated contempt of the play." Pope, who was behind the scenes, meeting him as he left the stage, "attacked him," as he says, "with all the virulence "of a wit out of his senses;" to which he replied, "that he would take no other notice of what was said "by so particular a man, than to declare, that, as

" often as he played that part, he would repeat the " same provocation."

He shews his opinion to be, that Pope was one of the authors of the play which he so zealously defended; and adds an idle story of Pope's behaviour at a tavern.

The pamphlet was written with little power of thought or language, and, if suffered to remain without notice, would have been very soon forgotten. Pope had now been enough acquainted with human life to know, if his passion had not been too powerful for his understanding, that, from a contention like his with Cibber, the world seeks nothing but diversion, which is given at the expense of the higher character. When Cibber lampooned Pope, curiosity was excited; what Pope could say of Cibber nobody inquired, but in hope that Pope's asperity might betray his pain and lessen his dignity.

He should therefore have suffered the pamphlet to flutter and die, without confessing that it stung him. The dishonour of being shewn as Cibber's antagonist could never be compensated by the victory. Cibber had nothing to lose; when Pope had exhausted all his malignity upon him, he would rise in the esteem both of his friends and his enemies. Silence only could have made him despicable; the blow which did not appear to be felt would have been struck in vain.

But Pope's irascibility prevailed, and he resolved to tell the whole English world that he was at war with Cibber; and, to shew that he thought him no common adversary, he prepared no common vengeance; he published a new edition of *The Dunciad* [x], in which he degraded Theobald from his painful preeminence, and enthroned Cibber in his stead. Unhappily the two heroes were of opposite characters, and Pope was unwilling to lose what he had already writ-

[x] In 1743.

ten; he has therefore depraved his poem by giving to Cibber the old books, the old pedantry, and the sluggish pertinacity of Theobald.

Pope was ignorant enough of his own interest, to make another change, and introduced Osborne contending for the prize among the booksellers. Osborne was a man entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He told me, when he was doing that which raised Pope's resentment, that he should be put into *The Dunciad;* but he had the fate of "Cassandra." I gave no credit to his prediction, till in time I saw it accomplished. The shafts of satire were directed equally in vain against Cibber and Osborne; being repelled by the impenetrable impudence of the one, and deadened by the impassive dulness of the other. Pope confessed his own pain by his anger; but he gave no pain to those who had provoked him. He was able to hurt none but himself; by transferring the same ridicule from one to another, he reduced himself to the insignificance of his own magpie, who from his cage calls cuckold at a venture.

Cibber, according to his engagement, repaid *The Dunciad* with another pamphlet [y], which, Pope said, "would be as good as a dose of hartshorn to him;" but his tongue and his heart were at variance. I have heard Mr. Richardson relate, that he attended his father, the painter, on a visit, when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, "These things are my diversion." They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhing with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father when they returned, that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope.

[y] In 1744.

From this time, finding his diseases more oppressive, and his vital powers gradually declining, he no longer strained his faculties with any original composition, nor proposed any other employment for his remaining life than the revisal and correction of his former works; in which he received advice and assistance from Warburton, whom he appears to have trusted and honoured in the highest degree.

He laid aside his Epick Poem, perhaps without much loss to mankind; for his hero was Brutus the Trojan, who, according to a ridiculous fiction, established a colony in Britain. The subject therefore was of the fabulous age; the actors were a race upon whom imagination has been exhausted, and attention wearied, and to whom the mind will not easily be recalled, when it is invited in blank verse, which Pope had adopted with great imprudence, and, I think, without due consideration of the nature of our language. The sketch is, at least in part, preserved by Ruffhead; by which it appears, that Pope was thoughtless enough to model the names of his heroes with terminations not consistent with the time or country in which he places them.

He lingered through the next year, but perceived himself, as he expresses it, "going down the hill." He had for at least five years been afflicted with an asthma, and other disorders, which his physicians were unable to relieve. Towards the end of his life he consulted Dr. Thomson, a man who had, by large promises, and free censures of the common practice of physick, forced himself up into sudden reputation. Thomson declared his distemper to be a dropsy, and evacuated part of the water by tincture of jalap; but confessed that his belly did not subside. Thomson had many enemies, and Pope was persuaded to dismiss him.

While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, as he was one day sitting in the air with

Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he saw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who, when he came to her, asked, "What, is he not dead yet?" She is said to have neglected him with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay; yet of the little which he had to leave she had a very great part. Their acquaintance began early; the life of each was pictured on the other's mind; their conversation therefore was endearing, for when they met, there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the chamber of sickness as female weakness, or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, though he was offended by her inattention, might yet consider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that might fill her place; he could have only shrunk within himself; it was too late to transfer his confidence or fondness.

In May, 1744, his death was approaching[z]; on the sixth, he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man; he afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours, and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think.

Bolingbroke sometimes wept over him in this state of helpless decay; and being told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was

[z] Spence.

always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, answered, "It has so!" and added, "I never in my life knew a man that had "so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more "general friendship for mankind." At another time he said, "I have known Pope these thirty years, and "value myself more in his friendship than"—His grief then suppressed his voice.

Pope expressed undoubting confidence of a future state. Being asked by his friend Mr. Hooke, a papist, whether he would not die like his father and mother, and whether a priest should not be called; he answered, "I do not think it is essential, but it will "be very right, and I thank you for putting me in "mind of it."

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, "There is nothing that is "meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed "friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

He died in the evening of the thirtieth day of May, 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did not discern the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, the Bishop of Gloucester.

He left the care of his papers to his executors; first to Lord Bolingbroke[a]; and, if he should not be living, to the Earl of Marchmont; undoubtedly expecting them to be proud of the trust, and eager to extend his fame. But let no man dream of influence beyond his life. After a decent time, Dodsley the bookseller went to solicit preference as the publisher, and was told that the parcel had not been yet

[a] This is somewhat inaccurately expressed. Lord Bolingbroke was not an executor: Pope's papers were left to him specifically, or in case of his death, to Lord Marchmont. C.

inspected: and, whatever was the reason, the world has been disappointed of what was "reserved for the "next age."

He lost, indeed, the favour of Bolingbroke, by a kind of posthumous offence. The political pamphlet called "The Patriot King" had been put into his hands that he might procure the impression of a very few copies, to be distributed, according to the author's direction, among his friends, and Pope assured him that no more had been printed than were allowed; but, soon after his death, the printer brought and resigned a complete edition of fifteen hundred copies, which Pope had ordered him to print, and retain in secret. He kept, as was observed, his engagement to Pope, better than Pope had kept it to his friend; and nothing was known of the transaction, till, upon the death of his employer, he thought himself obliged to deliver the books to the right owner, who, with great indignation, made a fire in his yard, and delivered the whole impression to the flames.

Hitherto nothing had been done which was not naturally dictated by resentment of violated faith; resentment more acrimonious, as the violater had been more loved or more trusted. But here the anger might have stopped; the injury was private; and there was little danger from the example.

Bolingbroke, however, was not yet satisfied; his thirst of vengeance incited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the publick with all its aggravations. Warburton, whose heart was warm with his legacy, and tender by the recent separation, thought it proper for him to interpose; and undertook, not indeed to vindicate the action, for breach of trust has always something criminal, but to extenuate it by an apology. Having advanced what cannot be denied, that moral

obliquity is made more or less excusable by the motives that produce it, he inquires what evil purpose could have induced Pope to break his promise. He could not delight his vanity by usurping the work, which, though not sold in shops, had been shewn to a number more than sufficient to preserve the author's claim; he could not gratify his avarice, for he could not sell his plunder till Bolingbroke was dead; and even then, if the copy was left to another, his fraud would be defeated, and if left to himself would be useless.

Warburton therefore supposes, with great appearance of reason, that the irregularity of his conduct proceeded wholly from his zeal for Bolingbroke, who might perhaps have destroyed the pamphlet, which Pope thought it his duty to preserve, even without its author's approbation. To this apology an answer was written in "A Letter to the most impudent Man "living."

He brought some reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous mention made in his will of Mr. Allen, and an affected repayment of his benefactions. Mrs. Blount, as the known friend and favourite of Pope, had been invited to the house of Allen, where she comported herself with such indecent arrogance, that she parted from Mrs. Allen in a state of irreconcileable dislike, and the door was for ever barred against her. This exclusion she resented with so much bitterness as to refuse any legacy from Pope, unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to Allen. Having been long under her dominion, now tottering in the decline of life, and unable to resist the violence of her temper, or perhaps, with the prejudice of a lover, persuaded that she had suffered improper treatment, he complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female resentment. Allen accepted the legacy, which he gave to the hos-

pital at Bath, observing that Pope was always a bad accomptant, and that, if to 150l. he had put a cipher more, he had come nearer to the truth [d].

THE person of Pope is well known not to have been formed by the nicest model. He has, in his account of the "Little Club," compared himself to a spider, and by another is described as protuberant behind and before. He is said to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a constitution originally

[d] This account of the difference between Pope and Mr. Allen is not so circumstantial as it was in Johnson's power to have made it. The particulars communicated to him concerning it he was too indolent to commit to writing; the business of this note is to supply his omissions.

Upon an invitation, in which Mrs. Blount was included, Mr. Pope made a visit to Mr. Allen at Prior Park; and having occasion to go to Bristol for a few days, left Mrs. Blount behind him. In his absence Mrs. Blount, who was of the Romish persuasion, signified an inclination to go the Popish chapel at Bath, and desired of Mr. Allen the use of his chariot for the purpose; but he being at that time mayor of the city, suggested the impropriety of having his carriage seen at the door of a place of worship, to which, as a magistrate, he was at least restrained from giving a sanction, and might be required to suppress, and therefore desired to be excused. Mrs. Blount resented this refusal, and told Pope of it at his return, and so infected him with her rage that they both left the house abruptly *.

An instance of the like negligence may be noted in his relation of Pope's love of painting, which differs much from the information I gave him on that head. A picture of Betterton, certainly copied from Kneller by Pope †, Lord Mansfield once shewed me at Kenwood-house, adding that it was the only one he ever finished, for that the weakness of his eyes was an obstruction to his use of the pencil. HAWKINS.

* This is altogether wrong; Pope kept up his friendship with Mr. Allen to the last, as appears by his letters; and Mrs. Blount remained in Mr. Allen's house some time after the coolness took place between her and *Mrs.* Allen. Allen's conversation with Pope on this subject, and his letters to Mrs. Blount, all whose quarrels he was obliged to share, appear in this edition. C.

† See p. 66.

feeble and weak; and, as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered, that his life was a "long disease." His most frequent assailment was the headach, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestick of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps after the middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of a very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in bodice made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almost all away; and he used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tie-wig, and a little sword.

The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that every thing should give way to his ease or ha-

mour; as a child, whose parents will not hear her cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.

When he wanted to sleep he "nodded in company;" and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry.

The reputation which his friendship gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was, he left no room for another, because he exacted the attention, and employed the activity of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the Earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alledged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his constant demands was of coffee in the night, and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burthensome; but he was careful to recompense her want of sleep; and Lord Oxford's servant declared, that in the house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages.

He had another fault easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to whatever pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite: he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste; and, at the intervals of the table amused himself with biscuits and dry conserves. If he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach with repletion; and, though he seemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with presents of luxury, which

he did not suffer to stand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the lustre of their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by the javelin or the sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

That he loved too well to eat is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered that a conformation so irregular lasted six and fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation.

In all his intercourse with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods. "He "hardly drank tea without a stratagem." If, at the house of his friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to ask for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely as something convenient; though, when it was procured, he soon made it appear for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus he teased Lord Orrery till he obtained a screen. He practised his arts on such small occasions, that Lady Bolingbroke used to say, in a French phrase, that "he played the politician about cabbages and "turnips." His unjustifiable impression of "The "Patriot King," as it can be imputed to no particular motive, must have proceeded from his general habit of secrecy and cunning: he caught an opportunity of a sly trick, and pleased himself with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke.

In familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that he excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said:

traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apophthegm only stands upon record. When an objection, raised against his inscription for Shakspeare, was defended by the authority of "Patrick," he replied — horresco referens — that "he would allow the publisher of a "dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, "but not of two words put together."

He was fretful and easily displeased, and allowed himself to be capriciously resentful. He would sometimes leave Lord Oxford silently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and messages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed infested by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no entreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or the other quitted the house.

He sometimes condescended to be jocular with servants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever seen excited to laughter.

Of his domestick character, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he determined not to be in want, and therefore wisely and magnanimously rejected all temptations to expense unsuitable to his fortune. This general care must be universally approved; but it sometimes appeared in petty artifices of parsimony, such as the practice of writing his compositions on the back of letters, as may be seen in the remaining copy of the *Iliad*, by which perhaps in five years five shillings were saved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and scantiness of entertainment, as, when he had two guests in his house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table; and having himself taken two

small glasses, would retire, and say, "Gentlemen, I "leave you to your wine." Yet he tells his friends, that "he has a heart for all, a house for all, and, what-"ever they may think, a fortune for all."

He sometimes, however, made a splendid dinner, and is said to have wanted no part of the skill or elegance which such performances require. That this magnificence should be often displayed, that obstinate prudence with which he conducted his affairs would not permit, for his revenue, certain and casual, amounted only to about eight hundred pounds a year, of which however he declares himself able to assign one hundred to charity [c].

Of this fortune, which, as it arose from publick approbation, was very honourably obtained, his imagination seems to have been too full; it would be hard to find a man, so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money. In his Letters and in his Poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, or some hints of his opulence, are always to be found. The great topick of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagonists are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every thing.

Next to the pleasure of contemplating his possessions, seems to be that of enumerating the men of high rank with whom he was acquainted, and whose notice he loudly proclaims not to have been obtained by any practices of meanness or servility; a boast which was never denied to be true, and to which very few poets have ever aspired. Pope never set his ge-

[c] Part of it arose from an annuity of two hundred pounds a year, which he had purchased either of the late Duke of Buckinghamshire, or the Duchess his mother, and which was charged on some estate of that family. [See p. 74.] The deed by which it was granted was some years in my custody. H.

nius to sale, he never flattered those whom he did not love, or praised those whom he did not esteem. Savage however remarked, that he began a little to relax his dignity when he wrote a distich for his "High-"ness's dog."

His admiration of the great seems to have increased in the advance of life. He passed over peers and statesmen to inscribe his *Iliad* to Congreve, with a magnanimity of which the praise had been complete, had his friend's virtue been equal to his wit. Why he was chosen for so great an honour, it is not now possible to know; there is no trace in literary history of any particular intimacy between them. The name of Congreve appears in the letters among those of his other friends, but without any observable distinction or consequence.

To his latter works, however, he took care to annex names dignified with titles, but was not very happy in his choice: for, except Lord Bathurst, none of his noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity; he can derive little honour from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke.

Of his social qualities, if an estimate be made from his letters, an opinion too favourable cannot easily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness. It has been so long said as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their letters, and that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him. But the truth is, that such were the simple friendships of the "Golden Age," and are now the friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and certainly, what we hide from

ourselves we do not shew to our friends. There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their genuine effect; but a friendly letter is a calm and deliberate performance in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude, and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character.

Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity; for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is, as by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep! Even in writing to the world there is less constraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation among the different dispositions of mankind; but a letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known; and must therefore please, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppose them.

To charge those favourable representations, which men give of their own minds, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would shew more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, while they are general, are right; and most hearts are pure while temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy; to despise death when there is no danger; to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given. While such ideas are formed, they are felt; and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

If the letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions, they seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge; and another, to solicit the imagination, because ceremony or

vanity require something to be written. Pope confesses his early letters to be vitiated with *affectation and ambition :* to know whether he disentangled himself from these perverters of epistolary integrity, his book and his life must be set in comparison.

One of his favourite topicks is contempt of his own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he would deserve no commendation; and in this he was certainly not sincere, for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed; and of what could he be proud but of his poetry? He writes, he says, when "he has just "nothing else to do;" yet Swift complains that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he had "always some poetical scheme in his head." It was punctually required that his writing-box should be set upon his bed before he rose; and Lord Oxford's domestic related, that in the dreadful winter of Forty, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought.

He pretends insensibility to censure and criticism, though it was observed by all who knew him that every pamphlet disturbed his quiet, and that his extreme irritability laid him open to perpetual vexation; but he wished to despise his critics, and therefore hoped that he did despise them.

As he happened to live in two reigns when the court paid little attention to poetry, he nursed in his mind a foolish disesteem of Kings, and proclaims that "he never sees courts." Yet a little regard shewn him by the Prince of Wales melted his obduracy; and he had not much to say when he was asked by his Royal Highness, "How he could love a Prince while "he disliked Kings?"

He very frequently professes contempt of the world, and represents himself as looking on mankind, sometimes with gay indifference, as on emmets of a hillock, below his serious attention, and sometimes with gloomy

indignation, as on monsters more worthy of hatred than of pity. These were dispositions apparently counterfeited. How could he despise those whom he lived by pleasing, and on whose approbation his esteem of himself was superstructed? Why should he hate those to whose favour he owed his honour and his ease? Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge; to despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just; and if it were just, is not possible. Pope was far enough from this unreasonable temper: he was sufficiently *a fool to fame*, and his fault was, that he pretended to neglect it. His levity and his sullenness were only in his letters; he passed through common life, sometimes vexed, and sometimes pleased, with the natural emotions of common men.

His scorn of the great is too often repeated to be real; no man thinks much of that which he despises; and as falsehood is always in danger of inconsistency, he makes it his boast at another time that he lives among them.

It is evident that his own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing, lest the clerks of the post-office should know his secrets; he has many enemies; he considers himself as surrounded by universal jealousy; "after many deaths, and many dispersions, two or three of us," says he, "may still be brought together, not to plot, but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases:" and they can live together, and "shew what friends wits may be, in spite of all the fools in the world." All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand; he certainly had no more enemies than a publick character like his inevitably excites; and with what degree of friendship the wits might live, very few were so much fools as ever to inquire.

Some part of this pretended discontent he learned from Swift, and expresses it, I think, most frequently in his correspondence with him. Swift's resentment

was unreasonable, but it was sincere; Pope's was the mere mimickry of his friend, a fictitious part which he began to play before it became him. When he was only twenty-five years old, he related that "a glut of "study and retirement had thrown him on the world," and that there was danger lest "a glut of the world "should throw him back upon study and retirement." To this Swift answered with great propriety, that Pope had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it. And, indeed, it must have been some very powerful reason that can drive back to solitude him who has once enjoyed the pleasures of society.

In the letters both of Swift and Pope there appears such narrowness of mind, as makes them insensible of any excellence that has not some affinity with their own, and confines their esteem and approbation to so small a number, that whoever should form his opinion of the age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived amidst ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their contemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

When Pope murmurs at the world, when he professes contempt of fame, when he speaks of riches and poverty, of success and disappointment, with negligent indifference, he certainly does not express his habitual and settled sentiments, but either wilfully disguises his own character, or, what is more likely, invests himself with temporary qualities, and sallies out in the colours of the present moment. His hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, acted strongly upon his mind: and, if he differed from others, it was not by carelessness; he was irritable and resentful; his malignity to Philips, whom he had first made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain desire to make Bentley contemptible, I never heard any adequate reason. He was sometimes

wanton in his attacks; and before Chandos, Lady Wortley, and Hill, was mean in his retreat.

The virtues which seem to have had most of his affection were liberality and fidelity of friendship, in which it does not appear that he was other than he describes himself. His fortune did not suffer his charity to be splendid and conspicuous; but he assisted Dodsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop; and of the subscription of forty pounds a year that he raised for Savage, twenty were paid by himself. He was accused of loving money; but his love was eagerness to gain, not solicitude to keep it.

In the duties of friendship he was zealous and constant; his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older than himself, and therefore, without attaining any considerable length of life, he saw many companions of his youth sink into the grave; but it does not appear that he lost a single friend by coldness or by injury; those who loved him once, continued their kindness. His ungrateful mention of Allen in his will was the effect of his adherence to one whom he had known much longer, and whom he naturally loved with greater fondness. His violation of the trust reposed in him by Bolingbroke could have no motive inconsistent with the warmest affection; he either thought the action so near to indifferent that he forgot it, or so laudable that he expected his friend to approve it.

It was reported, with such confidence as almost to enforce belief, that in the papers intrusted to his executors was found a defamatory life of Swift, which he had prepared as an instrument of vengeance, to be used if any provocation should be ever given. About this I inquired of the Earl of Marchmont, who assured me that no such piece was among his remains.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Church of Rome, to which in his correspondence with Racine he professes himself a sincere adherent.

That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the scriptures: a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief of revelation. The positions which he transmitted from Bolingbroke he seems not to have understood, and was pleased with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquencies observed and aggravated; those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingness with which the same man is allowed to possess many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was, in his early life, a man of great literary curiosity; and, when he wrote his "Essay on "Criticism," had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into the living world, it seems to have happened to him as to many others, that he was less attentive to dead masters; he studied in the academy of Paracelsus, and made the universe his favourite volume. He gathered his notions fresh from reality, not from the copies of authors, but the originals of nature. Yet there is no reason to believe that literature ever lost his esteem; he always professed to love reading; and Dobson, who spent some time at his house translating his "Essay "on Man," when I asked him what learning he found him to possess, answered, "More than I expected." His frequent references to history, his allusions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images selected from art and nature, with his observations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, shew an

intelligenc perpetually on the wing, excursive, vigorous, and diligent, eager to pursue knowledge, and attentive to retain it.

From this curiosity arose the desire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verses to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what to be rejected; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied.

But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring; in its widest searches still longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher; always imagining something greater than it knows, always endeavouring more than it can do.

To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had found in other writers that might be accommodated to his present purpose.

These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearied diligence; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living as well as the dead; he read his compositions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life; and, however he might seem to lament his occu-

pation, he followed it with constancy; to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time.

He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure: he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works, first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances, and correcting inaccuracies. The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translation, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

With such faculties, and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudence: he wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabrick of verse; and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had, in his mind, a systematical arrangement; having al-

ways the same use for words, he had words so selected and combined as to be ready at his call. This increase of facility he confessed himself to have perceived in the progress of his translation.

But what was yet of more importance, his effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. His independence secured him from drudging at a task, and labouring upon a barren topick; he never exchanged praise for money, nor opened a shop of condolence or congratulation. His poems, therefore, were scarcely ever temporary. He suffered coronations and royal marriages to pass without a song; and derived no opportunities from recent events, or any popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers. He was never reduced to the necessity of soliciting the sun to shine upon a birth-day, of calling the Graces and Virtues to a wedding, or of saying what multitudes have said before him. When he could produce nothing new, he was at liberty to be silent.

His publications were for the same reason never hasty. He is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection; it is at least certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always enamoured of its own productions, and did not trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends, and listened with great willingness to criticism; and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgement.

He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shewn by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgement that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy, he desired to excel; and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgement, of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute punctilious and observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of "Thirty-eight;" of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Almost every line," he said, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the "Iliad," and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the "Essay on Criticism" received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgement of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastick, and who before he became an author had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgement is cold, and knowledge is inert: that energy which collects, com-

bines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestick necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, shew him the reasonableness of my determination.

THE Works of Pope are now to be distinctly examined, not so much with attention to slight faults or petty beauties, as to the general character and effect of each performance.

It seems natural for a young poet to initiate himself by pastorals, which, not professing to imitate real life, require no experience; and, exhibiting only the simple operation of unmingled passions, admit no subtle reasoning or deep inquiry. Pope's pastorals are not

however composed but with close thought; they have reference to the times of the day, the seasons of the year, and the periods of human life. The last, that which turns the attention upon age and death, was the author's favourite. To tell of disappointment and misery, to thicken the darkness of futurity, and perplex the labyrinth of uncertainty, has been always a delicious employment of the poets. His preference was probably just. I wish, however, that his fondness had not overlooked a line in which the *Zephyrs* are made *to lament in silence.*

To charge these pastorals with want of invention, is to require what was never intended. The imitations are so ambitiously frequent, that the writer evidently means rather to shew his literature than his wit. It is surely sufficient for an author of sixteen, not only to be able to copy the poems of antiquity with judicious selection, but to have obtained sufficient power of language, and skill in metre, to exhibit a series of versification, which had in English poetry no precedent, nor has since had an imitation.

The design of *Windsor Forest* is evidently derived from "Cooper's Hill," with some attention to Waller's poem on "The Park;" but Pope cannot be denied to excel his masters in variety and elegance, and the art of interchanging description, narrative, and morality. The objection made by Dennis is the want of plan, of a regular subordination of parts terminating in the principal and original design. There is this want in most descriptive poems, because as the scenes, which they must exhibit successively, are all subsisting at the same time, the order in which they are shewn must by necessity be arbitrary, and more is not to be expected from the last part than from the first. The attention, therefore, which cannot be detained by suspense, must be excited by diversity, such as his poem offers to its reader.

But the desire of diversity may be too much indulged; the parts of "Windsor Forest" which deserve least praise are those which were added to enliven the stillness of the scene, the appearance of Father Thames and the transformation of *Lodona*. Addison had in his "Campaign" derided the rivers that "rise from their oozy beds" to tell stories of heroes; and it is therefore strange that Pope should adopt a fiction not only unnatural but lately censured. The story of *Lodona* is told with sweetness; but a new metamorphosis is a ready and puerile expedient; nothing is easier than to tell how a flower was once a blooming virgin, or a rock an obdurate tyrant.

The "Temple of Fame" has, as Steele warmly declared, "a thousand beauties." Every part is splendid; there is great luxuriance of ornaments; the original vision of Chaucer was never denied to be much improved; the allegory is very skilfully continued, the imagery is properly selected, and learnedly displayed; yet, with all this comprehension of excellence, as its scene is laid in remote ages, and its sentiments, if the concluding paragraph be excepted, have little relation to general manners or common life, it never obtained much notice, but is turned silently over, and seldom quoted or mentioned with either praise or blame.

That *The Messiah* excels the "Pollio" is no great praise, if it be considered from what original the improvements are derived.

The "Verses on the unfortunate Lady" have drawn much attention by the illaudable singularity of treating suicide with respect; and they must be allowed to be written in some parts with vigorous animation, and in others with gentle tenderness; nor has Pope produced any poem in which the sense predominates more over the diction. But the tale is not skilfully told; it is not easy to discover the character of either the lady or her guardian. History relates that she

was about to disparage herself by a marriage with an inferior; Pope praises her for the dignity of ambition, and yet condemns the uncle to detestation for his pride; the ambitious love of a niece may be opposed by the interest, malice, or envy of an uncle, but never by his pride. On such an occasion a poet may be allowed to be obscure, but inconsistency never can be right [d].

The "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" was undertaken at the desire of Steele. In this the author is generally confessed to have miscarried; yet he has miscarried only as compared with Dryden, for he has far outgone other competitors. Dryden's plan is better chosen; history will always take stronger hold of the attention than fable: the passions excited by Dryden are the pleasures and pains of real life; the scene of Pope is laid in imaginary existence; Pope is read with calm acquiescence, Dryden with turbulent delight; Pope hangs upon the ear, and Dryden finds the passes of the mind.

Both the odes want the essential constituent of metrical compositions, the stated recurrence of settled numbers. It may be alleged that Pindar is said by Horace to have written *numeris lege solutis*; but as no such lax performances have been transmitted to us,

[d] The account herein before given of this lady and her catastrophe, cited by Johnson from Ruffhead with a kind of acquiescence in the truth thereof, seems no other than might have been extracted from the verses themselves. I have in my possession a letter to Dr. Johnson containing the name of the lady; and a reference to a gentleman well known in the literary world for her history. Him I have seen; and, from a memorandum of some particulars to the purpose communicated to him by a lady of quality, he informs me, that the unfortunate lady's name was Withinbury, corruptly pronounced Winbury; that she was in love with Pope, and would have married him; that her guardian, though she was deformed in person, looking upon such a match as beneath her, sent her to a convent; and that a noose, and not a sword, put an end to her life. H.

the meaning of that expression cannot be fixed; and perhaps the like return might properly be made to a modern Pindarist, as Mr. Cobb received from Bentley, who, when he found his criticisms upon a Greek exercise, which Cobb had presented, refuted one after another by Pindar's authority, cried out at last—"Pindar was a bold fellow, but thou art an impudent "one."

If Pope's ode be particularly inspected, it will be found that the first stanza consists of sounds, well chosen indeed, but only sounds.

The second consists of hyperbolical common-places, easily to be found, and perhaps without much difficulty to be as well expressed.

In the third, however, there are numbers, images, harmony, and vigour, not unworthy the antagonist of Dryden. Had all been like this—but every part cannot be the best.

The next stanzas place and detain us in the dark and dismal regions of mythology, where neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow, can be found: the poet however faithfully attends us: we have all that can be performed by elegance of diction, or sweetness of versification; but what can form avail without better matter?

The last stanza recurs again to common-places. The conclusion is too evidently modelled by that of Dryden; and it may be remarked that both end with the same fault; the comparison of each is literal on one side, and metaphorical on the other.

Poets do not always express their own thoughts; Pope, with all this labour in the praise of musick, was ignorant of its principles, and insensible of its effects.

One of his greatest, though of his earliest works, is the "Essay on Criticism;" which, if he had written nothing else, would have placed him among the first criticks and the first poets, as it exhibits every mode

of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactick composition, selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression. I know not whether it be pleasing to consider that he produced this piece at twenty, and never afterwards excelled it: he that delights himself with observing that such powers may be so soon attained, cannot but grieve to think that life was ever after at a stand.

To mention the particular beauties of the Essay would be unprofitably tedious; but I cannot forbear to observe, that the comparison of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the best that English poetry can shew. A simile, to be perfect, must both illustrate and ennoble the subject; must shew it to the understanding in a clearer view, and display it to the fancy with greater dignity, but either of these qualities may be sufficient to recommend it. In didactick poetry, of which the great purpose is instruction, a simile may be praised which illustrates, though it does not ennoble; in heroicks, that may be admitted which ennobles, though it does not illustrate. That it may be complete, it is required to exhibit, independently of its references, a pleasing image; for a simile is said to be a short episode. To this antiquity was so attentive, that circumstances were sometimes added, which, having no parallels, served only to fill the imagination, and produced what Perrault ludicrously called "comparisons with a long tail." In their similes the greatest writers have sometimes failed; the ship-race, compared with the chariot-race, is neither illustrated nor aggrandized; land and water make all the difference: when Apollo, running after Daphne, is likened to a greyhound chasing a hare, there is nothing gained; the ideas of pursuit and flight are too plain to be made plainer; and a god, and the daughter of a god, are not represented much to their

advantage by a hare and dog. The simile of the Alps has no useless parts, yet affords a striking picture by itself; it makes the foregoing position better understood, and enables it to take faster hold on the attention; it assists the apprehension, and elevates the fancy.

Let me likewise dwell a little on the celebrated paragraph, in which it is directed that "the sound "should seem an echo to the sense;" a precept which Pope is allowed to have observed beyond any other English poet.

This notion of representative metre, and the desire of discovering frequent adaptations of the sound to the sense, have produced, in my opinion, many wild conceits and imaginary beauties. All that can furnish this representation are the sounds of the words considered singly, and the time in which they are pronounced. Every language has some words framed to exhibit the noises which they express, as *thump*, *rattle*, *growl*, *hiss*. These however are but few, and the poet cannot make them more, nor can they be of any use but when sound is to be mentioned. The time of pronunciation was in the dactylick measures of the learned languages capable of considerable variety; but that variety could be accommodated only to motion or duration, and different degrees of motion were perhaps expressed by verses rapid or slow, without much attention of the writer, when the image had full possession of his fancy; but our language having little flexibility, our verses can differ very little in their cadence. The fancied resemblances, I fear, arise sometimes merely from the ambiguity of words: there is supposed to be some relation between a *soft* line and a *soft* couch, or between *hard* syllables and *hard* fortune.

Motion, however, may be in some sort exemplified; and yet it may be suspected that in such resemblances the mind often governs the ear, and the sounds are

estimated by their meaning. One of their most successful attempts has been to describe the labour of Sisyphus:

> With many a weary step, and many a groan,
> Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
> The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
> Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.

Who does not perceive the stone to move slowly upward and roll violently back? But set the same numbers to another sense:

> While many a merry tale, and many a song,
> Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long.
> The rough road then, returning in a round,
> Mock'd our impatient steps, for all was fairy ground.

We have now surely lost much of the delay, and much of the rapidity.

But, to shew how little the greatest master of numbers can fix the principles of representative harmony, it will be sufficient to remark that the poet who tells us, that

> When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
> The line too labours, and the words move slow:
> Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
> Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main—

when he had enjoyed for about thirty years the praise of Camilla's lightness of foot, he tried another experiment upon *sound* and *time*, and produced this memorable triplet:

> Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestick march, and energy divine.

Here are the swiftness of the rapid race, and the march of slow-paced majesty, exhibited by the same poet in the same sequence of syllables, except that the exact prosodist will find the line of *swiftness* by one time longer than that of *tardiness*.

Beauties of this kind are commonly fancied; and, when real, are technical and nugatory, not to be rejected and not to be solicited.

To the praises which have been accumulated on *The Rape of the Lock* by readers of every class, from the critick to the waiting-maid, it is difficult to make any addition. Of that which is universally allowed to be the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions, let it rather be now inquired from what sources the power of pleasing is derived.

Dr. Warburton, who excelled in critical perspicacity, has remarked, that the preternatural agents are very happily adapted to the purposes of the poem. The Heathen deities can no longer gain attention; we should have turned away from a contest between Venus and Diana. The employment of allegorical persons always excites conviction of its own absurdity; they may produce effects, but cannot conduct actions: when the phantom is put in motion, it dissolves: thus *Discord* may raise a mutiny; but *Discord* cannot conduct a march nor besiege a town. Pope brought into view a new race of beings, with powers and passions proportionate to their operation. The Sylphs and Gnomes act at the toilet and the tea-table, what more terrifick and more powerful phantoms perform on the stormy ocean or the field of battle; they give their proper help and do their proper mischief.

Pope is said, by an objector, not to have been the inventor of this petty nation; a charge which might with more justice have been brought against the author of the "Iliad," who doubtless adopted the religious system of his country; for what is there, but the names of his agents, which Pope has not invented? Has he not assigned them characters and operations never heard of before? Has he not, at least, given them their first poetical existence? If this is not sufficient to denominate his work original, nothing original ever can be written.

In this work are exhibited, in a very high degree, the two most engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new. A race of aërial people, never heard of before, is presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks for no further information, but immediately mingles with his new acquaintance, adopts their interests and attends their pursuits, loves a Sylph and detests a Gnome.

That familiar things are made new, every paragraph will prove. The subject of the poem is an event below the common incidents of common life; nothing real is introduced that is not seen so often as to be no longer regarded; yet the whole detail of a female day is here brought before us, invested with so much art of decoration, that, though nothing is disguised, every thing is striking, and we feel all the appetite of curiosity for that from which we have a thousand times turned fastidiously away.

The purpose of the poet is, as he tells us, to laugh at "the little unguarded follies of the female sex." It is therefore without justice that Dennis charges *The Rape of the Lock* with the want of a moral, and for that reason sets it below the "Lutrin," which exposes the pride and discord of the clergy. Perhaps neither Pope nor Boileau has made the world much better than he found it; but if they had both succeeded, it were easy to tell who would have deserved most from publick gratitude. The freaks, and humours, and spleen, and vanity, of women, as they embroil families in discord, and fill houses with disquiet, do more to obstruct the happiness of life in a year than the ambition of the clergy in many centuries. It has been well observed, that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.

It is remarked by Dennis likewise, that the machinery is superfluous; that, by all the bustle of preter-

natural operation, the main event is neither hastened nor retarded. To this charge an efficacious answer is not easily made. The Sylphs cannot be said to help or to oppose; and it must be allowed to imply some want of art, that their power has not been sufficiently intermingled with the action. Other parts may likewise be charged with want of connexion; the game at *ombre* might be spared; but, if the lady had lost her hair while she was intent upon her cards, it might have been inferred that those who are too fond of play will be in danger of neglecting more important interests. Those perhaps are faults; but what are such faults to so much excellence!

The Epistle of *Eloise to Abelard* is one of the most happy productions of human wit: the subject is so judiciously chosen, that it would be difficult, in turning over the annals of the world, to find another which so many circumstances concur to recommend. We regularly interest ourselves most in the fortune of those who most deserve our notice. Abelard and Eloise were conspicuous in their days for eminence of merit. The heart naturally loves truth. The adventures and misfortunes of this illustrious pair are known from undisputed history. Their fate does not leave the mind in hopeless dejection; for they both found quiet and consolation in retirement and piety [e]. So new and so affecting is their story, that it supersedes invention, and imagination ranges at full liberty withous straggling into scenes of fable.

The story, thus skilfully adopted, has been diligently improved. Pope has left nothing behind him which seems more the effect of studious perseverance and laborious revisal. Here is particularly observable the *curiosa felicitas*, a fruitful soil and careful culti-

[e] This, says Dr. Warton, is not true. The whole tenor of their letters contradicts the supposition. The letters were published in London by Dr. Rawlinson. 1718.

vation. Here is no crudeness of sense nor asperity of language.

The sources from which sentiments which have so much vigour and efficacy have been drawn are shewn to be the mystick writers by the learned author of the "Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope;" a book which teaches how the brow of Criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity, to attract and to delight.

The train of my disquisition has now conducted me to that poetical wonder, the translation of the *Iliad*, a performance which no age or nation can pretend to equal. To the Greeks translation was almost unknown: it was totally unknown to the inhabitants of Greece. They had no recourse to the Barbarians for poetical beauties, but sought for every thing in Homer, where, indeed, there is but little which they might not find.

The Italians have been very diligent translators; but I can hear of no version, unless perhaps Anguilara's Ovid may be excepted, which is read with eagerness. The "Iliad" of Salvini every reader may discover to be punctiliously exact; but it seems to be the work of a linguist skilfully pedantic; and his countrymen, the proper judges of its power to please, reject it with disgust.

Their predecessors, the Romans, have left some specimens of translations behind them, and that employment must have had some credit in which Tully and Germanicus engaged; but, unless we suppose, what is perhaps true, that the plays of Terence were versions of Menander, nothing translated seems ever to have risen to high reputation. The French, in the meridian hour of their learning, were very laudably industrious to enrich their own language with the wisdom of the ancients; but found themselves reduced, by whatever necessity, to turn the Greek and Roman

poetry into prose. Whoever could read an author could translate him. From such rivals little can be feared.

The chief help of Pope in this arduous undertaking was drawn from the versions of Dryden. Virgil had borrowed much of his imagery from Homer, and part of the debt was now paid by his translator. Pope searched the pages of Dryden for happy combinations of heroick diction; but it will not be denied that he added much to what he found. He cultivated our language with so much diligence and art, that he has left in his *Homer* a treasure of poetical elegances to posterity. His version may be said to have turned the English tongue; for since its appearance no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody. Such a series of lines, so elaborately corrected and so sweetly modulated, took possession of the publick ear; the vulgar was enamoured of the poem, and the learned wondered at the translation.

But in the most general applause discordant voices will always be heard. It has been objected by some, who wish to be numbered among the sons of learning, that Pope's version of Homer is not Homerical; that it exhibits no resemblance of the original and characteristick manner of the Father of Poetry, as it wants his awful simplicity, his artless grandeur [f], his unaffected majesty. This cannot be totally denied; but it must be remembered that *necessitas quod cogit defendit*;

[f] Bentley was one of these. He and Pope, soon after the publication of Homer, met at Dr. Mead's at dinner; when Pope, desirous of his opinion of the translation, addressed him thus: "Dr. "Bentley, I ordered my bookseller to send you your books; I "hope you received them." Bentley, who had purposely avoided saying any thing about Homer, pretended not to understand him, and asked, 'Books! books! what books?' "My Homer," replied Pope, "which you did me the honour to subscribe for." 'Oh,' said Bentley, 'ay, now I recollect—your translation:— 'it is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope; but you must not call it 'Homer.' H.

that may be lawfully done which cannot be forborne. Time and place will always enforce regard. In estimating this translation, consideration must be had of the nature of our language, the form of our metre, and, above all, of the change which two thousand years have made in the modes of life and the habits of thought. Virgil wrote in a language of the same general fabrick with that of Homer, in verses of the same measure, and in an age nearer to Homer's time by eighteen hundred years; yet he found, even then, the state of the world so much altered, and the demand for elegance so much increased, that mere nature would be endured no longer; and perhaps in the multitude of borrowed passages very few can be shewn which he has not embellished.

There is a time when nations, emerging from barbarity, and falling into regular subordination, gain leisure to grow wise, and feel the shame of ignorance and the craving pain of unsatisfied curiosity. To this hunger of the mind plain sense is grateful; that which fills the void removes uneasiness, and to be free from pain for a while is pleasure; but repletion generates fastidiousness; a saturated intellect soon becomes luxurious, and knowledge finds no willing reception till it is recommended by artificial diction. Thus it will be found, in the progress of learning, that in all nations the first writers are simple, and that every age improves in elegance. One refinement always makes way for another; and what was expedient to Virgil was necessary to Pope.

I suppose many readers of the English *Iliad*, when they have been touched with some unexpected beauty of the lighter kind, have tried to enjoy it in the original, where, alas! it was not to be found. Homer doubtless owes to his translator many Ovidian graces not exactly suitable to his character; but to have added can be no great crime, if nothing be taken away. Elegance is surely to be desired, if it be not gained at

the expense of dignity. A hero would wish to be loved, as well as to be reverenced.

To a thousand cavils one answer is sufficient; the purpose of a writer is to be read, and the criticism which would destroy the power of pleasing must be blown aside. Pope wrote for his own age and his own nation: he knew that it was necessary to colour the images and point the sentiments of his author; he therefore made him graceful, but lost him some of his sublimity.

The copious notes with which the version is accompanied, and by which it is recommended to many readers, though they were undoubtedly written to swell the volumes, ought not to pass without praise; commentaries which attract the reader by the pleasure of perusal have not often appeared; the notes of others are read to clear difficulties, those of Pope to vary entertainment.

It has however been objected with sufficient reason, that there is in the commentary too much of unseasonable levity and affected gaiety; that too many appeals are made to the ladies, and the ease which is so carefully preserved is sometimes the ease of a trifler. Every art has its terms, and every kind of instruction its proper style; the gravity of common criticks may be tedious, but is less despicable than childish merriment.

Of the *Odyssey* nothing remains to be observed; the same general praise may be given to both translations, and a particular examination of either would require a large volume. The notes were written by Broome, who endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to imitate his master.

Of the *Dunciad* the hint is confessedly taken from Dryden's "Mac Flecknoe;" but the plan is so enlarged and diversified as justly to claim the praise of an original, and affords the best specimen that has yet appeared of personal satire ludicrously pompous.

That the design was moral, whatever the author might tell either his readers or himself, I am not convinced. The first motive was the desire of revenging the contempt with which Theobald had treated his *Shakespeare*, and regaining the honour which he had lost, by crushing his opponent. Theobald was not of bulk enough to fill a poem, and therefore it was necessary to find other enemies with other names, at whose expense he might divert the publick.

In this design there was petulance and malignity enough; but I cannot think it very criminal. An author places himself uncalled before the tribunal of criticism, and solicits fame at the hazard of disgrace. Dulness or deformity are not culpable in themselves, but may be very justly reproached when they pretend to the honour of wit or the influence of beauty. If bad writers were to pass without reprehension, what should restrain them? *impune diem consumpserit ingens Telephus;* and upon bad writers only will censure have much effect. The satire which brought Theobald and Moore into contempt dropped impotent from Bentley, like the javalin of Priam.

All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful when it rectifies error and improves judgement: he that refines the publick taste is a publick benefactor.

The beauties of this poem are well known; its chief fault is the grossness of its images. Pope and Swift had an unnatural delight in ideas physically impure, such as every other tongue utters with unwillingness, and of which every ear shrinks from the mention.

But even this fault, offensive as it is, may be forgiven for the excellence of other passages; such as the formation and dissolution of Moore, the account of the Traveller, the misfortune of the Florist, and the crowded thoughts and stately numbers which dignify the concluding paragraph.

The alterations which have been made in the *Dunciad*, not always for the better, require that it should be published, as in the present collection, with all its variations.

The *Essay on Man* was a work of great labour and long consideration, but certainly not the happiest of Pope's performances. The subject is perhaps not very proper for poetry, and the poet was not sufficiently master of his subject; metaphysical morality was to him a new study; he was proud of his acquisitions, and, supposing himself master of great secrets, was in haste to teach what he had not learned. Thus he tells us, in the first epistle, that from the nature of the Supreme Being may be deduced an order of beings such as mankind, because Infinite Excellence can do only what is best. He finds out that these beings must be "somewhere;" and that "all the question is, "whether man be in a wrong place." Surely if, according to the poet's Leibnitian reasoning, we may infer that man ought to be, only because he is, we may allow that his place is the right place, because he has it. Supreme Wisdom is not less infallible in disposing than in creating. But what is meant hy *somewhere* and *place*, and *wrong place*, it had been vain to ask Pope, who probably had never asked himself.

Having exalted himself into the chair of wisdom, he tells us much that every man knows, and much that he does not know himself; that we see but little, and that the order of the universe is beyond our comprehension; an opinion not very uncommon; and that there is a chain of subordinate beings "from infinite "to nothing," of which himself and his readers are equally ignorant. But he gives us one comfort, which without his help he supposes unattainable, in the position, "that though we are fools, yet God is wise."

This Essay affords an egregious instance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling splendour of imagery, and the seductive powers of eloquence. Never

were penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised. The reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and, when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse. When these wonder-working sounds sink into sense, and the doctrine of the Essay, disrobed of its ornaments, is left to the powers of its naked excellence, what shall we discover?—That we are, in comparison with our Creator, very weak and ignorant; that we do not uphold the chain of existence; and that we could not make one another with more skill than we are made. We may learn yet more; that the arts of human life were copied from the instinctive operations of other animals: that, if the world be made for man, it may be said that man was made for geese. To these profound principles of natural knowledge are added some moral instructions equally new; that self-interest, well understood, will produce social concord; that men are mutual gainers by mutual benefits; that evil is sometimes balanced by good; that human advantages are unstable and fallacious, of uncertain duration and doubtful effect; that our true honour is, not to have a great part, but to act it well; that virtue only is our own; and that happiness is always in our power.

Surely a man of no very comprehensive search may venture to say that he has heard all this before; but it was never till now recommended by such a blaze of embellishments, or such sweetness of melody. The vigorous contraction of some thoughts, the luxuriant amplification of others, the incidental illustrations, and sometimes the dignity, sometimes the softness, of the verses, enchain philosophy, suspend criticism, and oppress judgement by overpowering pleasure.

This is true of many paragraphs; yet, if I had undertaken to exemplify Pope's felicity of composition before a rigid critick, I should not select the *Essay on Man;* for it contains more lines unsuccessfully

laboured, more harshness of diction, more thoughts imperfectly expressed, more levity without elegance, and more heaviness without strength, than will easily be found in all his other works.

The *Characters of Men and Women* are the product of diligent speculation upon human life; much labour has been bestowed upon them, and Pope very seldom laboured in vain. That his excellence may be properly estimated, I recommend a comparison of his *Characters of Women* with Boileau's Satire; it will then be seen with how much more perspicacity female nature is investigated and female excellence selected; and he surely is no mean writer to whom Boileau should be found inferior. The *Characters of Men*, however, are written with more, if not with deeper thought, and exhibit many passages exquisitely beautiful. The "Gem and the Flower" will not easily be equalled. In the women's part are some defects; the character of Atossa is not so neatly finished as that of Clodio; and some of the female characters may be found perhaps more frequently among men; what is said of Philomede was true of Prior.

In the Epistles to Lord Bathurst and Lord Burlington, Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to find a train of thought which was never in the writer's head, and, to support his hypothesis, has printed that first which was published last. In one, the most valuable passage is perhaps the Elegy on "Good Sense;" and the other, the "End of the Duke of Buckingham."

The Epistle to Arbuthnot, now arbitrarily called *The Prologue to the Satires*, is a performance consisting, as it seems, of many fragments wrought into one design, which by this union of scattered beauties contains more striking paragraphs than could probably have been brought together into an occasional work. As there is no stronger motive to exertion than self-defence, no part has more elegance, spirit, or dignity, than the poet's vindication of his own character. The meanest passage is the satire upon Sporus.

Of the two poems which derived their names from the year, and which are called *The Epilogue to the Satires*, it was very justly remarked by Savage, that the second was in the whole more strongly conceived, and more equally supported, but that it had no single passages equal to the contention in the first for the dignity of vice and the celebration of the triumph of corruption.

The Imitations of Horace seem to have been written as relaxations of his genius. This employment became his favourite by its facility; the plan was ready to his hand, and nothing was required but to accommodate as he could the sentiments of an old author to recent facts or familiar images; but what is easy is seldom excellent; such imitations cannot give pleasure to common readers: the man of learning may be sometimes surprised and delighted by an unexpected parallel; but the comparison requires knowledge of the original, which will likewise often detect strained applications. Between Roman images and English manners, there will be an irreconcileable dissimilitude, and the work will be generally uncouth and party-coloured, neither original nor translated, neither ancient nor modern [g].

[g] In one of these poems is a couplet to which belongs a story that I once heard the reverend Dr. Ridley relate:

> " Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
> " Hard words, or hanging, if your judge be * * * *."

Sir Francis Page, a judge well known in his time, conceiving that his name was meant to fill up the blank, sent his clerk to Mr. Pope, to complain of the insult. Pope told the young man that the blank might be supplied by many monosyllables, other than the judge's name:—'But, Sir,' said the clerk, 'the judge says that 'no other word will make sense of the passage.' 'So then it 'seems,' says Pope, 'your master is not only a judge, but a 'poet: as that is the case, the odds are against me. Give my 'respects to the judge, and tell him, I will not contend with one 'that has the advantage of me, and he may fill up the blank as he 'pleases.' H.

Pope had, in proportions very nicely adjusted to each other, all the qualities that constitute genius. He had *Invention*, by which new trains of events are formed, and new scenes of imagery displayed, as in the "Rape of the Lock;" and by which extrinsick and adventitious embellishments and illustrations are connected with a known subject, as in the "Essay on Criticism." He had *Imagination*, which strongly impresses on the writer's mind, and enables him to convey to the reader, the various forms of nature, incidents of life, and energies of passion, as in his "Eloisa," "Windsor Forest," and the "Ethick Epistles." He had *Judgement*, which selects from life or nature what the present purpose requires, and, by separating the essence of things from its concomitants, often makes the representation more powerful than the reality; and he had colours of language always before him, ready to decorate his matter with every grace of elegant expression, as when he accommodates his diction to the wonderful multiplicity of Homer's sentiments and descriptions.

Poetical expression includes sound as well as meaning: "Musick," says Dryden, "is inarticulate "poetry;" among the excellences of Pope, therefore, must be mentioned the melody of his metre. By perusing the works of Dryden he discovered the most perfect fabrick of English verse, and habituated himself to that only which he found the best; in consequence of which restraint, his poetry has been censured as too uniformly musical, and as glutting the ear with unvaried sweetness. I suspect this objection to be the cant of those who judge by principles rather than perception; and who would even themselves have less pleasure in his works, if he had tried to relieve attention by studied discords, or affected to break his lines and vary his pauses.

But though he was thus careful of his versification, he did not oppress his powers with superfluous rigour.

He seems to have thought with Boileau, that the practice of writing might be refined till the difficulty should overbalance the advantage. The construction of his language is not always strictly grammatical: with those rhymes which prescription had conjoined, he contented himself, without regard to Swift's remonstrances, though there was no striking consonance; nor was he very careful to vary his terminations, or to refuse admission, at a small distance, to the same rhymes.

To Swift's edict for the exclusion of Alexandrines and Triplets he paid little regard; he admitted them, but, in the opinion of Fenton, too rarely; he uses them more liberally in his translation than his poems.

He has a few double rhymes; and always, I think, unsuccessfully, except once in the "Rape of the Lock."

Expletives he very early ejected from his verses; but he now and then admits an epithet rather commodious than important. Each of the six first lines of the "Iliad" might lose two syllables with very little diminution of the meaning; and sometimes, after all his art and labour, one verse seems to be made for the sake of another. In his latter productions the diction is sometimes vitiated by French idioms, with which Bolingbroke had perhaps infected him.

I have been told that the couplet by which he declared his own ear to be most gratified was this:

> Lo, where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
> The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.

But the reason of this preference I cannot discover.

It is remarked by Watts, that there is scarcely a happy combination of words, or a phrase poetically elegant in the English language, which Pope has not inserted into his version of Homer. How he obtained possession of so many beauties of speech, it were desirable to know. That he gleaned from authors,

obscure as well as eminent, what he thought brilliant or useful, and preserved it all in a regular collection, is not unlikely. When, in his last years, Hall's Satires were shown him, he wished that he had seen them sooner.

New sentiments and new images others may produce; but to attempt any farther improvement of versification will be dangerous. Art and diligence have now done their best, and what shall be added will be the effort of tedious toil and needless curiosity.

After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, Whether Pope was a poet; otherwise than by asking in return, if Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only shew the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us inquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed. Had he given the world only his version, the name of poet must have been allowed him; if the writer of the "Iliad" were to class his successors, he would assign a very high place to his translator, without requiring any other evidence of genius.

The following Letter, of which the original is in the hands of Lord Hardwicke, was communicated to me by the kindness of Mr. Jodrell.

"To Mr. Bridges, at the Bishop of London's, at Fulham.

"Sir,

"The favour of your letter, with your remark, can never be enough acknowledged; and the speed

with which you discharged so troublesome a task doubles the obligation.

"I must own, you have pleased me very much by commendations so ill bestowed upon me; but, I assure you, much more by the frankness of your censure, which I ought to take the more kindly of the two, as it is more advantageous to a scribbler to be improved in his judgement than to be soothed in his vanity. The greater part of those deviations from the Greek which you have observed, I was led into by Chapman and Hobbes; who are, it seems, as much celebrated for their knowledge of the original, as they are decried for the badness of their translations. Chapman pretends to have restored the genuine sense of the author, from the mistakes of all formal explainers, in several hundred places; and the Cambridge editors of the large Homer, in Greek and Latin, attributed so much to Hobbes, that they confess they have corrected the old Latin interpretation very often by his version. For my part, I generally took the author's meaning to be as you have explained it; yet their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectness in the language, overruled me. However, Sir, you may be confident I think you in the right, because you happen to be of my opinion; for men (let them say what they will) never approve any other's sense, but as it squares with their own. But you have made me much more proud of, and positive in my judgement, since it is strengthened by yours. I think your criticisms which regard the expression very just, and shall make my profit of them; to give you some proof that I am in earnest, I will alter three verses on your bare objection, though I have Mr. Dryden's example for each of them. And this, I hope, you will account no small piece of obedience from one who values the authority of one true poet above that of twenty criticks or commentators. But, though I speak

thus of commentators, I will continue to read carefully all I can procure, to make up, that way, for my own want of critical understanding in the original beauties of Homer. Though the greatest of them are certainly those of invention and design, which are not at all confined to the language; for the distinguishing excellences of Homer are (by the consent of the best criticks of all nations) first in the manners (which include all the speeches, as being no other than the representations of each person's manners by his words;) and then in that rapture and fire which carries you away with him, with that wonderful force, that no man who has a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. Homer makes you interested and concerned before you are aware, all at once, whereas Virgil does it by soft degrees. This, I believe, is what a translator of Homer ought principally to imitate; and it is very hard for any translator to come up to it, because the chief reason why all translations fall short of their originals is, that the very constraint they are obliged to renders them heavy and dispirited.

"The great beauty of Homer's language, as I take it, consists in that noble simplicity which runs through all his works; (and yet his diction, contrary to what one would imagine consistent with simplicity, is at the same time very copious.) I don't know how I have run into this pedantry in a letter, but I find I have said too much, as well as spoken too inconsiderately: what farther thoughts I have upon this subject I shall be glad to communicate to you (for my own improvement) when we meet; which is a happiness I very earnestly desire, as I do likewise some opportunity of proving how much I think myself obliged to your friendship, and how truly I am, Sir,

"Your most faithful, humble servant.

"A. POPE."

The Criticism upon Pope's Epitaphs, which was printed in "The Universal Visitor," is placed here, being too minute and particular to be inserted in the Life.

EVERY art is best taught by example. Nothing contributes more to the cultivation of propriety than remarks on the works of those who have most excelled. I shall therefore endeavour, at this *visit*, to entertain the young students in poetry with an examination of Pope's Epitaphs.

To define an epitaph is useless; every one knows that it is an inscription on a tomb. An epitaph, therefore implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is indeed commonly panegyrical; because we are seldom distinguished with a stone but by our friends; but it has no rule to restrain or modify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.

I.

On CHARLES *Earl of* DORSET, *in the Church of Wythyham, in Sussex.*

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died,---
The scourge of pride, though sanctify'd or great;
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
Yet soft in nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest satirist! who touch'd the means so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred kept his friendships and his ease.
Blest peer! his great forefather's every grace
Reflecting, and reflected on his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

The first distich of this epitaph contains a kind of information which few would want, that the man for whom the tomb was erected *died.* There are indeed some qualities worthy of praise ascribed to the dead, but none that were likely to exempt him from the lot of man, or incline us much to wonder that he should die. What is meant by "judge of nature," is not easy to say. Nature is not the object of human judgement; for it is vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by nature is meant what is commonly called *nature* by the criticks, a just representation of things really existing and actions really performed, nature cannot be properly opposed to *art;* nature being, in this sense, only the best effect of *art.*

The scourge of pride----

Of this couplet, the second line is not, what is intended, an illustration of the former. *Pride* in the *great* is indeed well enough connected with knaves in state, though *knaves* is a word rather too ludicrous and light; but the mention of *sanctified* pride will not lead the thoughts to *fops in learning*, but rather to some species of tyranny or oppression, something more gloomy and more formidable than foppery.

Yet soft his nature---

This is a high compliment, but was not first bestowed on Dorset by Pope. The next verse is extremely beautiful.

Blest satirist!---

In this distich is another line of which Pope was not the author. I do not mean to blame these imitations with much harshness; in long performances they are scarcely to be avoided, and in shorter they may be indulged, because the train of the composition may naturally involve them, or the scantiness of the subject allow little choice. However, what is borrowed is not to be enjoyed as our own; and it is the business

of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather.

Blest courtier!—

Whether a courtier can properly be commended for keeping his *ease sacred*, may perhaps be disputable. To please king and country, without sacrificing friendship to any change of times, was a very uncommon instance of prudence or felicity, and deserved to be kept separate from so poor a commendation as care of his ease. I wish our poets would attend a little more accurately to the use of the word *sacred*, which surely should never be applied in a serious composition but where some reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some duty is exacted or implied. A man may keep his friendship sacred, because promises of friendship are very awful ties; but methinks he cannot, but in a burlesque sense, be said to keep his ease *sacred*.

Blest peer!—

The blessing ascribed to the *peer* has no connexion with his peerage; they might happen to any other man whose ancestors were remembered, or whose posterity are likely to be regarded.

I know not whether this epitaph be worthy either of the writer or the man entombed.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL, *one of the Principal Secretaries of State to King* WILLIAM III. *who, having resigned his place, died in his retirement at Easthamstead in Berkshire*, 1716.

A pleasing form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest;
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true;

Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

In this epitaph, as in many others, there appears, at the first view, a fault which I think scarcely any beauty can compensate. The name is omitted. The end of an epitaph is to convey some account of the dead; and to what purpose is any thing told of him whose name is concealed? An epitaph, and a history of a nameless hero, are equally absurd, since the virtues and qualities so recounted in either are scattered at the mercy of fortune to be appropriated by guess. The name, it is true, may be read upon the stone; but what obligation has it to the poet, whose verses wander over the earth and leave their subject behind them, and who is forced, like an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help?

This epitaph is wholly without elevation, and contains nothing striking or particular; but the poet is not to be blamed for the defects of his subject. He said perhaps the best that could be said. There are, however, some defects which were not made necessary by the character in which he was employed. There is no opposition between an *honest courtier* and a *patriot;* for, an *honest courtier* cannot but be a *patriot*.

It was unsuitable to the nicety required in short compositions to close his verse with the word *too:* every rhyme should be a word of emphasis; nor can this rule be safely neglected, except where the length of the poem makes slight inaccuracies excusable, or allows room for beauties sufficient to overpower the effects of petty faults.

At the beginning of the seventh line the word *filled* is weak and prosaic, having no particular adaptation to any of the words that follow it.

The thought in the last line is impertinent, having no connexion with the foregoing character, nor with the condition of the man described. Had the epitaph been written on the poor conspirator [h] who died lately in prison, after a confinement of more than forty years, without any crime proved against him, the sentiment had been just and pathetical; but why should Trumbull be congratulated upon his liberty, who had never known restraint?

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT, *only Son of the Lord Chancellor* HARCOURT, *at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire*, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear.
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
How vain is reason! eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

This epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inserted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance must concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile imitation.

I cannot but wish that of this inscription the two last lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the sense.

[h] Major Bernardi, who died in Newgate, Sept. 20, 1736. See Gent. Mag. vol. L. p. 125. N.

IV.

On James Craggs, *Esq.* *In Westminster-Abbey.*

JACOBVS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBVS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPVLI AMOR ET DELICIAE:
VIXIT TITVLIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS HEV PAVCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend!
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd!

The lines on Craggs were not originally intended for an epitaph; and therefore some faults are to be imputed to the violence with which they are torn from the poem that first contained them. We may, however, observe some defects. There is a redundancy of words in the first couplet: it is superfluous to tell of him who was *sincere*, *true*, and *faithful*, that he was *in honour clear*.

There seems to be an opposition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious: where is the relation between the two positions, that he *gained no title* and *lost no friend?*

It may be proper here to remark the absurdity of joining in the same inscription Latin and English, or verse and prose. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be used; for no reason can be given why part of the information should be given in one tongue, and part in another, on a tomb more than in any other place, or any other occasion; and to tell

all that can be conveniently told in verse, and then to call in the help of prose, has always the appearance of a very artless expedient, or of an attempt unaccomplished. Such an epitaph resembles the conversation of a foreigner, who tells part of his meaning by words, and conveys part by signs.

V.

Intended for Mr. Rowe.
In Westminster-Abbey [i].

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And, sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust;
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

Of this inscription the chief fault is, that it belongs less to Rowe, for whom it is written, than to Dryden, who was buried near him; and indeed gives very little information concerning either.

To wish *Peace to thy shade* is too mythological to be admitted into a Christian temple: the ancient worship has infected almost all our other compositions, and might therefore be contented to spare our epitaphs. Let fiction at least cease with life, and let us be serious over the grave.

[i] This was altered much for the better as it now stands on the monument in the abbey, erected to Rowe and his daughter. Warb.

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET,
who died of a Cancer in her Breast[k].

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason and with sober sense;
No conquest she, but o'er herself, desir'd:
No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

I have always considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs; the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities; yet that which really makes, though not the splendour, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his final and lasting companion in the langour of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs weary and disgusted from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the vain. Of such a character, which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestick virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope to display it in such a manner as might attract regard, and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verses?

If the particular lines of this inscription be examined, it will appear less faulty than the rest. There is scarcely one line taken from common-places, unless it be that in which *only Virtue* is said to be *our*

[k] In the North aisle of the parish church of St. Margaret Westminster. H.

own. I once heard a lady of great beauty and elegance object to the fourth line, that it contained an unnatural and incredible panegyrick. Of this let the ladies judge.

VII.

On the Monument of the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY, *and of his Sister* MARY, *erected by their Father, the Lord* DIGBY, *in the church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire,* 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great:
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go, live! for heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou, blest maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb;
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take these tears, Mortality's relief,
And, till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

This epitaph contains of the brother only a general indiscriminate character, and of the sister tells nothing but that she died. The difficulty in writing epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate praise. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever be the diligence or ability of the writer; for the greater part of mankind *have no character at all,* have little that distinguishes them from others equally good or bad, and therefore nothing can be said of them which may not be applied with equal propriety to a thousand

more. It is indeed no great panegyrick, that there is inclosed in this tomb one who was born in one year and died in another; yet many useful and amiable lives have been spent which yet leave little materials for any other memorial. These are however not the proper subjects of poetry; and whenever friendship, or any other motive, obliges a poet to write on such subjects, he must be forgiven if he sometimes wanders in generalities, and utters the same praises over different tombs.

The scantiness of human praises can scarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often Pope has, in the few epitaphs which he composed, found it necessary to borrow from himself. The fourteen epitaphs which he has written comprise about an hundred and forty lines, in which there are more repetitions than will easily be found in all the rest of his works. In the eight lines which make the character of Digby, there is scarce any thought, or word, which may not be found in the other epitaphs.

The ninth line, which is far the strongest and most elegant, is borrowed from Dryden. The conclusion is the same with that on Harcourt, but is here more elegant and better connected.

VIII.

On Sir Godfrey Kneller.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

Kneller, by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was nature and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages, having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

Of this epitaph the first couplet is good, the second not bad, the third is deformed with a broken meta-

phor, the word *crowned* not being applicable to the *honours* or the *lays;* and the fourth is not only borrowed from the epitaph on Raphael, but of a very harsh construction.

IX.

On General Henry Withers.
In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

Here, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind!
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
O! born to arms! O! worth in youth approv'd!
O! soft humanity in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the ſigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
Nor let us say (thoſe English glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this stone.

The epitaph on Withers affords another instance of common-places, though somewhat diversified by mingled qualities and the peculiarity of a profession.

The second couplet is abrupt, general, and unpleasing; exclamation seldom succeeds in our language; and, I think, it may be observed that the particle O! used at the beginning of the sentence, always offends.

The third couplet is more happy; the value expressed for him, by different sorts of men, raises him to esteem; there is yet something of the common cant of superficial satirists, who suppose that the insincerity of a courtier destroys all his sensations, and that he is equally a dissembler to the living and the dead.

At the third couplet I should wish the epitaph to close, but that I should be unwilling to lose the two next lines, which yet are dearly bought if they cannot be retained without the four that follow them.

X.

On Mr. Elijah Fenton.
At Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man:
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heaven that he liv'd, and that he died.

The first couplet of this epitaph is borrowed from Crashaw. The four next lines contain a species of praise peculiar, original, and just. Here, therefore, the inscription should have ended, the latter part containing nothing but what is common to every man who is wise and good. The character of Fenton was so amiable, that I cannot forbear to wish for some poet or biographer to display it more fully for the advantage of posterity. If he did not stand in the first rank of genius, he may claim a place in the second; and, whatever criticism may object to his writings, censure could find very little to blame in his life.

XI.

On Mr. Gay.
In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity, a child;
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end,

These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms — Here lies GAY!

As Gay was the favourite of our author, this epitaph was probably written with an uncommon degree of attention; yet it is not more successfully executed than the rest, for it will not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

The two parts of the first line are only echoes of each other; *gentle manners* and *mild affections*, if they mean any thing, must mean the same.

That Gay was a *man in wit* is a very frigid commendation; to have the wit of a man is not much for a poet. The *wit of man*[1], and the *simplicity of a child*, make a poor and vulgar contrast, and raise no ideas of excellence either intellectual or moral.

In the next couplet *rage* is less properly introduced after the mention of *mildness* and *gentleness*, which are made the constituents of his character; for a man so *mild* and *gentle* to *temper* his *rage* was not difficult.

The next line is inharmonious in its sound, and mean in its conception; the opposition is obvious, and the word *lash*, used absolutely, and without any modification, is gross and improper.

To be *above temptation* in poverty, and *free from corruption among the Great*, is indeed such a peculi-

[1] "Her *wit* was more than *man*, her *innocence* a *child*."
DRYDEN on Mrs. Killigrew. C.

arity as deserved notice. But to be a *safe companion* is a praise merely negative, arising not from possession of virtue, but the absence of vice, and that one of the most odious.

As little can be added to his character by asserting that he was *lamented in his end.* Every man that dies is, at least by the writer of his epitaph, supposed to be lamented; and therefore this general lamentation does no honour to Gay.

The first eight lines have no grammar; the adjectives are without any substantive, and the epithets without a subject.

The thought in the last line, that Gay is buried in the bosoms of the *worthy* and the *good*, who are distinguished only to lengthen the line, is so dark that few understand it; and so harsh, when it is explained, that still fewer approve.

XII.

Intended for Sir Isaac Newton.
In Westminster-Abbey.

Isaacus Newtonius:
Quem Immortalem
Testantur, *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cœlum*:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.
Nature and Nature's laws, lay hid in night:
God said, *Let Newton be!* And all was light.

Of this epitaph, short as it is, the faults seem not to be very few. Why part should be Latin, and part English, it is not easy to discover. In the Latin the opposition of *Immortalis* and *Mortalis* is a mere sound, or a mere quibble; he is not *immortal* in any sense contrary to that in which he is *mortal.*

In the verses the thought is obvious, and the words *night* and *light* are too nearly allied.

XIII.

On EDMUND *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *who died in the 19th Year of his Age*, 1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart:
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

This epitaph Mr. Warburton prefers to the rest; but I know not for what reason. To *crown* with *reflection* is surely a mode of speech approaching to nonsense. *Opening virtues blooming round* is something like tautology; the six following lines are poor and prosaick. *Art* is in another couplet used for *arts*, that a rhyme may be had to *heart*. The six last lines are the best, but not excellent.

The rest of his sepulchral performances hardly deserve the notice of criticism. The contemptible "Dialogue" between HE and SHE should have been suppressed for the author's sake.

In his last epitaph on himself, in which he attempts to be jocular upon one of the few things that make wise men serious, he confounds the living man with the dead:

Under this stone, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, &c.

When a man is once buried, the question, under what he is buried, is easily decided. He forgot that, though he wrote the epitaph in a state of uncertainty,

yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made. Such is the folly of wit when it is ill employed.

The world has but little new: even this wretchedness seems to have been borrowed from the following tuneless lines:

Ludovici Areosti humantur ossa
Sub hoc marmore, vel sub hac humo, seu
Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres
Sive hærede benignior comes, seu
Opportunius incidens Viator:
Nam scire haud potuit futura, sed nec
Tanti erat vacuum sibi cadaver
Ut urnam cuperet parare vivens,
Vivens ista tamen sibi paravit.
Quæ inscribi voluit suo sepulchro
Olim siquod haberet is sepulchrum.

Surely Ariosto did not venture to expect that his trifle would have ever had such an illustrious imitator.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE

AUTHOR's PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endea-

vour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a Critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself,) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given

up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present

spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore: since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, biassed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told, I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Though if we took the

same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true, that in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times: and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live: One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together: and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be

like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and *vice versa* a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice, in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a Person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that 'tis what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral

of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a Memento mori to some of my vain contemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

VARIATIONS

IN THE

AUTHOR's MANUSCRIPT PREFACE.

AFTER p. 3. l. 34. it followed thus—For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet).* 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are *amicæ omnium horarum;* and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which,

like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct: besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 5. l. 21. — In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies: And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old, and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

PANEGYRICAL POEMS

ON

Mr POPE.

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ON

MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS,

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and bus'ness tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the muse's sport,
And from the critics safe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth agen, 5
Amidst advent'rous rovers of the pen:
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.
Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme; 10
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd!
But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay; 15
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.
And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing
As the great ILIAD, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend. 20
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give merit praise.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A muse sincere, that never flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found 5
Art strength'ning nature, sense improv'd by sound.
Unlike those wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear: 10
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull:
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful found, 15
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
But wit and judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, 20
With proper thoughts, and lively images:

Such

Such as by nature to the ancients shewn,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear. 25
Some in a polish'd style write pastoral,
Arcadia speaks the language of the mall;
Like some fair shepherdess, the sylvan muse
Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swains be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the players dress,
In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess; 35
Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.
Your rural muse appears to justify
The long lost graces of simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
'Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd;
For wits industrious to their trouble seem,
And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45
Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whose muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;

So larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL, sacred bard! a muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
And China's earth was cast on common sand:
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treasures next arrived: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give. 15
Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.

Nor

Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20
The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wand'ring shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
The living scene is in the muse's glass. 25
Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us harmony as well as shades:
A *Titian*'s hand might draw the grove, but you 30
Can paint the grove, and add the music too.
With vast variety thy pages shine;
A new creation starts in every line.
How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom: 40
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.
Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire!
Thrice happy thou! and worthy best to dwell 45
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhime,
Here on the western beach attempt to chime.
O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main! 50
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!
Snatch me, ye Gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
And shelter me in *Windsor*'s fragrant bow'rs;
Or to my much lov'd *Isis*' walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55
Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the muses to the sylvan seat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the classic store, 60
And made that music which was noise before.
There with illustrious bards I spent my days,
Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode. 65
The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.
Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string: 70
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?
Rous'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
I rise and wander through the field or plain;

Led

Led by thy muse from sport to sport I run,
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy 76
On the cold earth the flutt'ring pheasant lie;
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather shines and varies there.
Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by, 80
But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly
O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
Oh could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down, 85
He'd view a courser that might match his own!
Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.
Who can refuse *Lodona*'s melting tale?
The soft complaint shall over time prevail; 90
The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.
Nor shall thy song, old *Thames!* forbear to shine,
At once the subject and the song divine.
Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britons* more
Than all their shouts for victory before. 96
Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
The world should tremble at her awful name:
From various springs divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide, 100
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur and enrich the isle;

A while

A while distinct through many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one; 104
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

TO MR. POPE,

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM ON HOMER.

WHEN *Phœbus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the god; "Your loftiest notes employ, 5
"To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*."
The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse;
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse?
He answer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
"A truth, that envy bids me not conceal: 10
"Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
"I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
"Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,
"Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
"And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
"From me, the god of wit, usurp'd the bays. 16
"But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
"Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;

"Yet

" Yet when my arts shall triumph in the west,
" And the white isle with female pow'r is blest; 20
" Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
" And the translator's palm to me transfer.
" With less regret my claim I now decline,
" The world will think his *English Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

TO MR. POPE.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend;
What life, what vigour must the lines require? 5
What music tune them, what affection fire?
O might thy genius in my bosom shine;
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine.
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10
Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream:
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd, 15
She runs for ever through poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy muse the envy of the fair?

Less

Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
Belles war with beaus, and whims descend for gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the chemic fool.
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art, 25
The sylphs and gnomes are but a woman's heart.
The graces stand in sight; a satire-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.
In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits; 30
And sits in measures such as Virgil's muse
To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise, 35
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize?
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail! 40
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:
Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
Thy aspins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring, 45
Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd;
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd; 54
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, *The mines were here:* 60
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vast, how copious, are thy new designs! 65
How ev'ry music varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires; 76
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee. 80
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood, 85
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
A friend delight me, and an author please;
Ev'n here I sing, when Pope supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

TO MR. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway, 5
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which worth alone can raise:

Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust: 10
Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt Thou and Homer die:
Then sink together in the world's last fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead, 16
Shakespear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote; 20
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire? 30
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns; 36

With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant god who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way; 50
And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
Sink without grov'ling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great bard! awake th' harmonious string,
Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
How long that hero, by unskilful hands, 55
Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head; 60
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;

Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves 65
With grace divine, and like a god he moves.
Ev'n I, the meanest of the muses' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire: 70
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united—for thy friendship's fame.
This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:
Or nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws: 80
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend:
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

TO MR. POPE,

ON THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his car.
Great Sheffield's muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,

First gives the palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a god. 10

But hark, what shouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice!
Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice.
Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
When prostitutes, or needy flatt'rers sue.
And see the chief! before him laurels born; 15
Trophies from undeserving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The GRACES these; and see how they contend, 25
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The Pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends:
Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands: 30
Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
What laurell'd arch for thy triumphant muse?

Tho'

Tho' each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to those that shade 35
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies." 40

SIMON HARCOURT.

TO MR. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night, 5
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit:
For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost: 10
From tyrants, and from priests, the muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove;

To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unauspicious reign, 20
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke, 25
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.
Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd! 36
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown; 40
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:
Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear: 50
" Great bard! whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays 55
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each soft engaging muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60
Of thee more worthy were the task to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise,
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where science in the arms of peace is laid; 65
And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,

Dauntless

Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway, 71
But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.
If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75
And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
Approving time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's with the poet's praise."

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

'TIS true, what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That souls departed in new bodies reign'd:
We must approve the doctrine, since we see
The soul of god-like Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius first, then Virgil felt her fires; 5
But now a British Poet she inspires.
To you, O Pope! the lineal right extends,
To you th' hereditary muse descends.
At a vast distance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and nat'raliz'd the bard; 10
Bade him our English rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the same.
Now in the mighty stranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee, with a public voice.

See!

See! too, the poet, a majestic shade, 15
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head,
To thank his successor, who sets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbs and Ogilby;
Who vext his venerable ashes more,
Than his ungrateful Greece, the living bard before.
While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are shown, 21
Tho' worlds contend, we claim him for our own;
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail;
Our lisping babes repeat the dreadful tale,
Ev'n in their slumbers they pursue the theme, 25
Start, and enjoy a fight in ev'ry dream.
By turns the chief and bard their souls inflame,
And ev'ry little bosom beats for fame.
Thus shall they learn (as future times will see)
From him to conquer, or to write from thee. 30
In ev'ry hand we see the glorious song,
And Homer is the theme of every tongue.
Parties in state poetic schemes employ,
And Whig and Tory side with Greece and Troy;
Neglect their feuds: and seem more zealous grown
To push those countries interests, than their own. 35
Our busiest politicians have forgot
How Sommers counsel'd, and how Marlbro' fought;
But o'er their settling coffee gravely tell,
What Nestor spoke, and how brave Hector fell. 40
Our softest beaux and coxcombs you inspire,
With Glaucus' courage, and Achilles' fire.

Now

Now they resent affronts which once they bore,
And draw those swords that ne'er were drawn before;
Nay, ev'n our belles inform'd how Homer writ, 45
Learn thence to criticize on modern wit.
Let the mad critics to their side engage
The envy, pride, and dulness of the age:
In vain they curse, in vain they pine and mourn,
Back on themselves their arrows will return: 50
Whoe'er would thy establish'd fame deface,
Are but immortaliz'd to their disgrace;
Live, and enjoy their spite, and share that fate,
Which would, if Homer liv'd, on Homer wait.
And lo! his second labour claims thy care, 55
Ulysses' toils, succeed Achilles' war.
Haste to the work; the ladies long to see
The pious frauds of chaste Penelope.
Helen they long have seen, whose guilty charms
For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms. 60
Then, as thy fame shall see a length of days,
Some future bard shall thus record thy praise:
" In those blest times, when smiling heav'n and fate
Had rais'd Britannia to her happiest state,
When wide around she saw the world submit, 65
And own her sons supreme in arts and wit;
Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home,
The pride of Greece, and ornament of Rome;
To the great task each bold translator came, 69
With Virgil's judgment, and with Homer's flame.

Here

Here the pleas'd Mantuan swan was taught to soar,
Where scarce the Roman eagles towr'd before:
And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
Tho' her sev'n rival cities claim'd his birth;
On her sev'n cities, he look'd down with scorn, 75
And own'd with pride, he was in Briton born."

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

VOLTAIRE AU ROI DE PRUSSE.

———Horace avec Boileau:
Vous y cherchiez le vrai, vous y goutez le beau;
Quelques traits échappés d'une utile morale,
Dans leurs piquans ecrits brillent par intervalle;
Mais Pope approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré;
D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré,
Il porta le flambeau dans l'abime de l'etre,
Et l'homme avec lui seul apprit à se connoitre.
L'Art quelquefois frivole, et quelquefois divin,
L'Art des vers est dans Pope utile au genre humain.

AT Stowe in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Earl Temple, is a building called The Temple of British Worthies, designed by Kent. One of the niches has a bust of Pope, with the following inscription:

ALEXANDER POPE,
Who uniting the correctness of judgment to the fire of genius,
by the melody and power of his numbers,
gave sweetness to sense, and grace to philosophy.
He employed the pointed brilliancy of wit to chastise the vices;
and the eloquence of poetry to exalt the virtues of human nature;
and being without a rival in his own age,
imitated and translated, with a spirit equal to the originals,
the best poets of antiquity.

TO MR. POPE.

TO move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease:
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art,
For this the Grecian soar'd in epic strains, 5
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his heav'nly lyre.
'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
The pow'rs of language, harmony, and grace, 10

How

How Nature's self with living lustre shines;
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines:
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame,
To charm us more thro' negligence than pains, 15
And give ev'n life and action to the strains:
Led by some law, whose pow'rful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides:
Some fairer image of perfection, giv'n
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heav'n. 20

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise;
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
Add that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine:
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues, 25
Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets prove unjust:
And are they blam'd who sin because they must? 30

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays;
I cannot rival——and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care, 35
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength and sweetness join:

Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living colour glows: 40
Soft without weakness, without labour fair;
Wrought up at once with happiness and care:
How blest the man that from the world removes
To joys that MORDAUNT, or his POPE approves;
Whose taste exact each author can explore, 45
And live the present and past ages o'er:
Who free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Move calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee! 50
Nor deem this verse, tho' humble, thy disgrace;
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The muse who now this early homage pays, 55
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd:
Unbias'd, or to censure or commend, 59
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

WALTER HARTE.

AN

ESSAY ON SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY

THE DEATH OF Mr POPE.

Inscribed to Mr. WARBURTON,

By J. BROWN, A.M.

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PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow sped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty dead!
Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN'S heart: 4
You mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious BRITAIN!) slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night:
Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumps of her growing reign: 10
With inextinguishable rage they burn;
And snake-hung ENVY hisses o'er his urn:
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.
But you, O WARBURTON! whose eye refin'd 15
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a *pure* delight;
You visit oft his awful page with care,
And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there; 20
You trace the chain that links his deep design,
And pour new lustre on the glowing line.

Yet

Yet deign to hear the efforts of a muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
Intent from this great archetype to draw 25
SATIRE's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence his and SATIRE's gen'rous end.

In ev'ry breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame: 30
The passion ONE, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant, and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The charms of praise the coy, the modest woo, 35
And only fly, that Glory may pursue:
She, pow'r resistless, rules the wise and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the sceptre and the spade. 40
Thus heav'n in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies:
With rapture hears corrupted passion's call, 45
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* substance quits the *true*;
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory, plunges deep in vice; 50

Till

Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry praise he pants to gain.
  Thus still imperious NATURE plies her part;
And still her dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy, 55
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy:
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before. 60
  And sure, the deadliest foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worst of evils, is *perverted Shame*.
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd, 65
We seek our virtues in each other's breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70
Tir'd in the treach'rous chace, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The demon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "The world will call you fool."
  Behold yon wretch, by impious fashion driv'n, 75
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heav'n.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless

Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God. 80
Faith, justice, heav'n itself now quit their hold,
When to false fame the captiv'd heart is sold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentless *Cato* dy'd;
Nought could subdue his virtue, but his pride.
Hence chaste *Lucretia*'s innocence betray'd 85
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.
Hence SATIRE'S pow'r: 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise:
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise, 95
And bids the hag in native horror rise;
Strikes tow'ring Pride, and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
Nor boasts the muse a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft she mourn those ills she cannot cure. 100
The worthy court her, and the worthless fear:
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to Wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain;
Desponding fops resign the *clouded cane:* 106

Hush'd

Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true,
From pois'nous Vice she draws a healing dew: 110
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles;
And Force strong sinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The stream of vice impetuous drives along, 115
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong.
Ev'n fair Religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain. 120
But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
She plays a *ruling passion* on the rest:
Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that earth and heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd, 125
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground;
Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
Bold SATIRE shakes the tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain. 130
  But with the friends of vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is spleen; all just reproof, ill-nature.
  Well may they dread the muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble, when she draws her quill:

Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's spear, 135
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids vice and folly take their nat'ral shapes,
Turns duchesses to strumpets, beaux to apes;
Drags the vile whisp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the demon starts up from the toad. 140

O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!
In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of virtue makes her scorn of vice:
Where justice calls, 'tis cruelty to save; 145
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats virtue's foe is virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all mankind. 150
Scarce more the friend of man, the wise must own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chastise, as that to bless, was giv'n;
Alike the faithful ministers of heav'n.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent: 155
Tho' strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are pain'd, who merit satire most;
Folly the *Laureat's*, vice was *Charlres'* boast:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to shame? 160
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful surgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful is her art:

With caution bold, she only strikes to heal;
Tho' folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial SATIRE knows, 165
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs:
The knave and fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: But conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold, be ever just: 170
Nor court applause in these degen'rate days:
The villain's censure is extorted praise.
But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And shew mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write, 175
As foplings grin to shew their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart. 180
O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame!
Fell ravisher, from innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return! 185
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poison in thy heart. 190

With

With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:
Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confest, 195
Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest:
Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd victim shall be led:
Lo, *Shaftsb'ry* rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the slave with honours not her own: 200
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Prophaneness spawns, pert dunces nurse the joke!
Come, let us join awhile this titt'ring crew,
And now the *ideot guide* for once is *true*;
Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule, 205
Who *therefore* smil'd, *because* they saw a fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our isle,
We *therefore* see a fool, *because* we smile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimple cheek: 210
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand 215
Shall work *Herculean* wonders through the land:
Bound in the magic of her cob-web chain,
YOU, mighty WARBURTON, shall rage in vain,

In vain the trackless maze of truth you scan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man: 220
No more shall Reason boast her pow'r divine,
Her base eternal shook by Folly's mine!
Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And coxcombs vanquish BERKLEY by a grin.
But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule, 225
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falsehood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye. 230
Beware the mad advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the storm to sinking virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's destruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside, 235
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to shore.
Tho' distant times may rise in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the *present age*: 240
With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning manners by the past:
Bid *Britain*'s heroes (awful shades!) arise,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair, 245
Till the sons blush at what their fathers were:

Ere

Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
When *low-born* sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the die; 250
Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chastity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of freedom dress'd;
Or public spirit was the public jest.
Be ever, in a just expression, bold, 255
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen;
Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call His Lordship ——, Her Grace a ——:
The muse's charms resistless then assail,
When wrapt in *Irony*'s transparent veil:
Her beauties half conceal'd, the more surprize,
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes. 266
Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd:
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Bufa* chaste.
Dart not on folly an indignant eye:
Whoe'er discharg'd artillery on a fly? 270
Deride not vice: Absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults: to smile is to approve.

The muse's labour then success shall crown, 275
When folly feels her smile, and vice her frown.
Know next what measures to each theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious peer
That mounts the box, and shines a charioteer:
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil 285
Of camps and senates disciplin'd by *Hoyle*;
Patriots and chiefs, whose deep design invades
And carries off the captive King—of *spades*!
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line; 290
Bid courtly fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each affectation into sense.
Not so when Virtue by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the muse's aid;
When *crimes*, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day; 295
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head: 300
When private faith and public trust are sold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold:

When

When fell Corruption, dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking state:
When giant-vice and irreligion rise, 305
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies:
Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC soars a nobler flight: 310
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.
Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien, 315
And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene:
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when virtue, learning, arts decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine; 320
Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the close of Britain's day:
With joy she sees the stream of Roman art
From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees YORKE to fame, ere yet to manhood known,
And just to ev'ry virtue but his own: 326
Hears unstain'd CAM with gen'rous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:
Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend: 330
To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view;
And culls each flow'r, to form a wreath for YOU.

But

But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round: 334
Truth be your guide: disdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must *shine;*
The poet can but *set it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *sordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold?* 340
Let *real* merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise:
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
But make us grieve you want an honest heart.

Nor think the muse by SATIRE's law confin'd:
She yields description of the noblest kind. 346
Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates passion, pictures man. 350
And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid vice or virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolsey*, or a *Cromwell* rise;
Now with a touch more sacred and refined, 355
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.
Here sweet or strong may ev'ry colour flow:
Here let the pencil warm, the canvass glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life. 360

PART

PART III.

THROUGH ages thus has SATIRE keenly shin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had sprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet sung.
This muse in silence joy'd each better age, 365
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
First on the sons of *Greece* she prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart. 370
To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:
The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS drew;
With dauntless warmth in virtue's cause engag'd,
And conscious villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then sportive HORACE caught the gen'rous fire;
For SATIRE's bow resign'd the sounding lyre: 376
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
Politely sly, cajol'd the foes of sense: 380
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But while he sported, drove it to the heart.

In

In graver strains majestic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly sedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign, 385
And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.
More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious greatness to its doom; 390
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.
But lo! the fatal victor of mankind!
Swoln *Luxury!*—pale *Ruin* stalks behind!
As countless insects from the north-east pour, 395
To blast the spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:
So barb'rous millions spread contagious death:
The sick'ning laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung. 400
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulness nodded in the muse's grove:
Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.
At length, again fair Science shot her ray, 405
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now, load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
'Tis done!—See, great ERASMUS breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell! 410

(In

(In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace,)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reason urg'd by wit. 414
'Twas then plain DONNE in honest vengeance rose,
His wit harmonious, tho' his rhyme was prose:
He 'midst an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and Roman strength of thought.
Yet scarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the muse records her country's shame,)
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence, 421
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.
Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
Whom latest time shall view with just disdain:
A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line 425
Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine;
Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the sight.
Dry morals the court-poet blush'd to sing:
'Twas all his praise to say, "*the oddest thing.*"
Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod, 431
To martyr virtue, or blaspheme his God.
Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies,
Low creeping in the putrid sink of vice; 436
A muse whom wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of pow'r, the prostitute to gain:

Wreaths

Wreaths that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To strumpets, traitors, tyrants vilely thrown:
Unrival'd parts, the scorn of honest fame; 441
And Genius rise, a monument of shame!

More happy *France*: immortal BOILEAU there
Supported Genius with a sage's care:
Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest, 445
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast:
Fancy and sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless judgment guides the purest fire.

But see at length the *British* genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd isle: 450
Behold for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centers ev'ry poet's pow'r in *one*:
Each *Roman*'s force adorns his various page,
Gay smiles, corrected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight, 455
As spectres vanish at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity: 460
While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joy surveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the poet's mind!
Who yonder star's effulgence can display, 465
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?

Who

Who paint a god, unless the god inspire?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own. 470
Each muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant-tongue.
Next, to her Bard majestic Wisdom came; 475
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
At Fancy's call, who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale: 480
Sublimer views *thy* daring spirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
And bless mankind with virtue's sacred store;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart; 485
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic Wit shoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray, 491
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
Like this, its beam, prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;

Mildly dispels each wintry passion's gloom, 495
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praise, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n:
Thy genius was indeed a *gift* from heav'n.
Hail, bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
Reason and wit, with strength collected shine; 500
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wand'ring muse?
That friendship sure may plead the *great* excuse:
That sacred friendship which inspir'd thy song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong. 506
Error like this ev'n Truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.
Ye deathless names, ye sons of endless praise,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays! 510
Say, shall an artless muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O WARBURTON! inspir'd by YOU,
The daring muse a nobler path pursue,
By you inspir'd, on trembling pinion soar, 515
The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid *her country's glory* fire her page:
If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end: 520
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe but *thine*.

But

But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline 525
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoaking censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed bards may see,
That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy. 530

PASTORALS,

WITH

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius! VIRG.

A

DISCOURSE

ON

*PASTORAL POETRY**.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations that critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral*. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the pre-

* Written at sixteen years of age. POPE.

sent. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both*; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity†, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short‡, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole eclogue should be so too.

* Heinsius in Theocr. † Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2.
‡ Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d'Arist. p. 2, Refl. xxvii.

For we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered*. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries†. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety‡. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any

* Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.
† Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.
‡ See the forementioned Preface.

art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers* and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to†. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his Aminta has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, in his Gierusalemme he has out-done the Epic poets of

* ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi.

† Rapin, Refl. on Arist. part ii. refl. xxvii. — Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil*. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastorals, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their

* Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING:

THE FIRST PASTORAL.*

OR

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play, 5
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And

* These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville afterwards Lord Lansdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr. Garth, Lord Hallifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walsh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of his age.

Sir William Trumbal.] Our author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under sixteen, but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William.

And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost! 10
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair: 20
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow,
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.

I'll

VER. 12. *in your native shades*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windsor-forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State of King William III.

I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie? 40

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes: 50
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STRE-

VER. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his poems, most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bright Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;

If

If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears, 85
A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears;
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields: 90
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:

Blest

VER. 86. *A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears;*] An allusion to the royal oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle at Worcester.

Blest swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel; 95
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend, 101
And from the pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

SUMMER:

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

OR

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naïads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.
Accept, O GARTH! the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,

To

VER. 3.] The scene of this pastoral by the river side, suitable to the heat of the season; the time, noon.

VER. 9.] Dr. Samuel Garth, author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of our poet, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death: 40

He

VER. 39. *Colin*] The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda.

He said ; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name :
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song :
The nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring, 51
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains their fairest flow'rs design, 55
And in one garland all their beauties join ;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.
See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here. 60
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This

VER 42. *Rosalinda's*] This is the lady with whom Spenser fell violently in love, as soon as he left Cambridge and went into the North ; it is uncertain into what family, and in what capacity.

This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes. 76
O! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the Pow'rs above. 80
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
  But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat, 86
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends. 90
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN:

THE THIRD PASTORAL.*

OR

HYLAS and *ÆGON.*

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring; 5
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of swains, 11
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan, 15
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go,

* This pastoral consists of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil: The scene, a hill; the time at sun-set.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine,*] Mr. Wycherley, author of some comedies; the most celebrated of which were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife.*

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn, 21
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny; 25
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 35
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,

Not

Not show'rs to larks, nor sun-shine to the bee, 45
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
Ye Pow'rs, what pleasing phrenzy sooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd. 56
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here, where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies: 60
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay! 65
Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove; 75
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but her's, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love! 84
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed. 90
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewel, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

WINTER:

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

OR

DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THIR-

WINTER.] This was the poet's favourite pastoral.

Mrs. Tempest.] This lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the author's friend Mr. Walsh, who having celebrated her in a pastoral elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706. "Your last Eclogue being on the same subject with mine, on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the pastoral lies in a grove; the time at midnight.

VER. 1. *Thirsis, the music, &c.*] Ἀδύ τι, &c. Theocr. Id. i.

THIRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring,
Ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day! 30
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.

Ah

Ah what avail the beauties nature wore? 35
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies, 41
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies, 45
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall list'ning in mid-air suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;

The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high,
Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
To thee, bright Goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews; 85
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.

Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves,
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves; 90
Adieu, my flocks; farewel, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewel; and all the world adieu!

VER. 89, &c.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each.

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE:

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation. POPE.

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MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire 5
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From

VER. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

" Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras——
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem."

" *Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.*" Isaiah.

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14.—" *Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son.*"——Ch. ix. ver. 6, 7. " *Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.*" POPE.

From [a] Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' Ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move, 11
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye [b] heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The [c] sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning [d] Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon [e] his head advance, 25
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See

Ver. 23. *See nature hastes, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

"At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores."

"*For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with* Baccar, *and* Colocasia *with smiling* Acanthus. *Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flow'rs about thee.*"

Isai. ch. xxxv. ver. 1. "*The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.*—Ch. lx. ver. 13. *The glory of* Lebanon *shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.*"

Pope.

[a] Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 1.
[b] Ch. xlv. ver. 8.
[c] Ch. xxv. ver. 4.
[d] Ch. ix. ver. 7.
[e] Ch. xxxv. ver. 2.

See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the [f] way! a God, a God appears: 30
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay; 35
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear [g] him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40

'Tis

VER. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

" Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sydera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Idsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!"

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

" *Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great encrease of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, a God, a God!*"

Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. " *The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.*" Ch. iv. ver. 23. " *Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.*" POPE.

[f] Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.
[g] Ch. xliii. ver. 18. ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In [h] adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd [i] tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
The promis'd [k] Father of the future age.
No more shall [l] nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful [m] Son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field;

The

[h] Isaiah, ch. xxv. ver. 8.
[i] Ch. xl. ver. 11.
[k] Ch. ix. ver. 6.
[l] Ch. ii. ver. 4.
[m] Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22.

The swain in barren [n] deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And start, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy [o] valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed, 75
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The [p] lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;

The

VER. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

" Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella."

" *The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oak shall distil honey like dew.*"

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 7. " *The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water: In the habitation where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds and rushes.*"—Ch. lv. ver. 13. " *Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.*" POPE.

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

" Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet."—

" *The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.*"

Isaiah,

[n] Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 1. 7. [o] Ch. xli. ver. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13.
[p] Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless [q] serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial [r] Salem rise! 85
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long [s] race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90
See barb'rous [t] nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of [u] Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

No

Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 16, &c. "*The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together: and a little child shall lead them. —And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.*" POPE.

VER. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!*] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his Pollio.

[q] Isaiah, ch. lxv. ver. 25.
[r] Ch. lx. ver. 1.
[s] Ch. lx. ver. 4.
[t] Ch. lx. ver. 3.
[u] Ch. lx. ver. 6.

No more the rising [w] sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn; 100
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The [x] seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away; 106
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

[w] Isaiah, ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.
[x] Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

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WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ *Vari* præscripsit pagina nomen. VIRG.

WINDSOR-FOREST.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present sylvan Maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all you shades.
GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing? 6
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see, 15
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.

Here

* This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals; the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

VER. 7.] Allusion to Milton's Paradise Lost.

Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,

To

To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves,) 50
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain!
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game. 64
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
The

VER. 45. *savage laws*] The Forest Laws. See the account of them in Blackstone's excellent Lectures; the killing a deer, boar, or hare, was punished with the loss of the delinquent's eyes.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd, &c.*] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there by William I., which, however, modern antiquaries have discovered to be groundless.

The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind; 70
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod, 75
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise:
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The

VER. 81. *second hope*] Richard, second son of William the Conqueror.

VER. 83.] The moment Walter Tyrrel had shot him, without speaking of the accident, he instantly hastened to the sea-shore and embarked for France, and from thence hurried to Jerusalem to do penance for his involuntary crime. The body of Rufus was found in the forest by a countryman, whose family are still said to be living near the spot, and was buried, without any pomp, before the altar of Winchester cathedral, where the monument still remains. The oak, under which Rufus was shot, was standing till within these few years.

The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears 91
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,

The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
  Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.) 124
With slaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air. 134
  In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,

Swift

Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein, 151
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost. 154
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and Empress of the Main.
Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170
Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's

VER. 162.] Queen ANNE.

(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone. 176
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
"Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,

" Let me, O let me, to the shades repair, 201
" My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies.
The wat'ry landskip of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215
And floating forests paint the waves with green,
Through the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods; 220
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,

As

VER. 207. *Still bears the name*] The River Lodon.

As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods: 230
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves: 236
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high; 245
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam, 255
Survey the region, and confess her home!

Such

Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.
  Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes, 261
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens:
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.
(On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
I seem through consecrated walks to rove, 267
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like Poets venerable made: 270
Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY'S tongue.
O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, 275
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
  Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY strung
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung? 280
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings!
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;

To

To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes, 285
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains 301
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry age,
Draw

VER. 282.] The Mira of Granville was the Countess of Newburgh. Towards the end of her life Dr. King, of Oxford, wrote a very severe satire against her, in three books, 4to. called The Toast.

VER. 291. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flourished in the time of Henry VIII.

VER. 297. *Fair Geraldine*] The Fair Geraldine, the general object of Lord Surrey's passionate sonnets, was one of the daughters of Gerald, Earl of Kildare, but the whole story is a romance.

VER. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here.

Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield: 306
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest!
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone) 320
Oh fact accurst! what tears has Albion shed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.

At

VER. 307.] Verrio, an artist much employed in painting ceilings and stair-cases.

VER. 311. *Henry mourn,*] Henry VI.

VER. 314. *once-fear'd Edward sleeps:*] Edward IV.

VER. 316.] See an account of Belerium, so called from Bellerus a Cornish giant, that part of Cornwall called the Land's End, in Warton's edition of Milton's Poems, p. 28.

At length great ANNA said—" Let Discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!
In that bless'd moment from his oozy bed 329
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;
His tresses drop'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam;
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood:
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame: 340
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Lodden slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears; 345
The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.
High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind) 350
The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.
" Hail,

" Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days, 355
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Tho' Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itself tho' sev'nfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows; 360
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadron's shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train; 365
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall die with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace 371
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace:
The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending villas on my side 375
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide;
Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend! 380
There

VER. 378. *And Temples rise,*] The fifty new Churches.

There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods, 386
Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails, 391
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold, 395
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide; 400
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!

Oh

VER. 391.] Here is almost a prophecy of those discoveries of new islands and continents which this country of late years has had the honour to make.

Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
'Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more;
'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,
Peru once more a race of kings behold, 411
And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel: 420
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain."
Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE'S verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light. 426
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days, 431
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

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ODE

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCVIII.

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

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ODE FOR MUSIC

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain 5
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
'Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow, 10
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies; 15
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;

'Till

'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall. 20

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies; 25
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head, 30
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage. 35

But

Ver. 35.] Dr. Greene set this ode to music in 1730, as an exercise for his Doctor's Degree at Cambridge, on which occasion Pope made considerable alteration in it, and added the following stanza in this place:

Amphion thus bade wild dissention cease,
And soften'd mortals learn'd the arts of peace,
Amphion taught contending kings,
From various discords, to create
The music of a well-tun'd state;
Nor slack, nor strain the tender strings,
Those useful touches to impart,
That strike the subject's answering heart,

And

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd, 45
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds, 50
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,

And the soft silent harmony that springs
From sacred union and consent of things.

And he made another alteration, at the same time, in stanza iv. v. 51, and wrote it thus:

Sad Orpheus sought his consort lost;
The adamantine gates were barr'd,
And nought was seen and nought was heard,
Around the dreary coast;
But dreadful gleams, &c.

O'er

What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd
O'er all the dreary coasts! 55
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans, 60
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance! 65
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance;
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow, 71
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel, 75
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;

By

By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove, 80
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented, 85
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had fast bound her 90
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move? 95
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders, 100
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;

And

And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost! 105
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies; 110
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods, 115
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease, 120
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear. 130

Of

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
  To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
  Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

TWO CHORUS'S

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.[a]

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal sages taught:
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood 5
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense or mend the heart; 10
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and mystic Song!

To

[a] Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Chorus's were composed to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterward by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house.

To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore? 15
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore, 20
See Arts her savage sons controul,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH tyrant Love! hast thou possest
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which Nature has imprest, 10
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Portia sighs, 15
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire. 20

But

But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of ev'ry social tye, 25
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise; 30
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love. 36

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes;
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine: 40
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.[a]

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation:
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

[a] This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.*

ODE.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife, 5
And let me languish into life!

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight, 10
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears

With

* This ode was written, at the desire of Steele, in imitation of the famous sonnet of Hadrian to his departing soul.

With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

Written in the Year MDCCIX.* when the Author was only twenty years old.

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* First advertised in the Spectator, No. 65. May 15, 1711.

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AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind: 20

Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd: 25
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
There are, who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets past, 36
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle, 40
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em would an hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45
But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;

Launch

Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit; 60
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more: 65
Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul 76
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,

Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some to whom heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed; 85
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shews most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd 90
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; 95
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire, 100
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd, 104
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;

Against

Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil so much as they.
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page; 120
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125

Thence

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize.*] The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name
Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame;
The sense of sound Antiquity had reign'd,
And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd, 131
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountain scorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design:
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them. 140
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end,)
Some lucky licence answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;

From

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, 155
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But tho' the ancients thus their rules invade, 161
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made,)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need; 165
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display 175
His pow'rs, in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;

Secure

Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring! 186
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes,)
To teach vain Wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200

II.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd, 205
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride,

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense. 210
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing; 215
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts, 200
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 225
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way, 230
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find 235
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor

Nor lose for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 250
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end, 255
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit: 260
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:

They

They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say*,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage; 270
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot, 275
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280
"Not so, by heav'n!" (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice, 285
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line; 290
Pleas'd

* This story is taken from the second part of Don Quixotte, written by Avellanada.

Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part, 295
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind. 300
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for *Language* all their care express, 305
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—The style is excellent;
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found: 310
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun, 315
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;

A vile

A vile conceit in pompous words express'd 320
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As sev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in praise, meer moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style, 326
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with aukward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; 330
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright muse, tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire: 340
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire; 345
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:

 While

While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes; 349
Where-e'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song, 356
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness
join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense. 365
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow: 371
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
main.

Hear

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 371
While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much. 385
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride, or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move; 390
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mist descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize. 395
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;

Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days. 405
Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
  Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality. 415
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a lord once own the happy lines, 420
How the wit brightens! how the stile refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
  The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being singular; 425
So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right. 431
A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say; 436
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences, was deepest read; 441
Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445
If faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe, 450
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some

VER. 444. *Scotists*] So denominated from Johannes Duns Scotus.

VER. 444. *Thomists*,] From Thomas Aquinas, a truly great genius, who, in those blind ages, was the same in theology, that our Friar Bacon was in natural philosophy. His Summa summæ contains an admirable view of Aristotle's Ethics.

VER. 445. *Duck-lane*.] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus;
But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past; 460
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.

When

VER. 459. *shapes of parsons, critics,*] The Parson alluded to was Jeremy Collier; the Critic was the Duke of Buckingham; the first of whom very powerfully attacked the profligacy, and the latter the irregularity and bombast of some of Dryden's plays. These attacks were much more than merry jests.

VER. 463. *Milbourns*] The Rev. Mr. Luke Milbourn. Dennis served Mr. Pope in the same office.

VER. 465. *Zoilus again*] In the fifth book of Vitruvius is an account of Zoilus's coming to the court of Ptolemy at Alexandria, and presenting to him his virulent and brutal censures of Homer; and begging to be rewarded for his work; instead of which, it is said, the king ordered him to be crucified, or, as some said, stoned alive. His person is minutely described in the 11th book of Ælian's various History.

When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays; 471
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend. 475
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost, 480
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand:
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live, 491
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings. 495
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:

Like

Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy; 501
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please; 505
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excell, 510
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Though triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down; 515
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine. 525

But

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find, 530
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
When love was all an easy monarch's care; 536
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ:
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sate panting at a courtier's play, 540
And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain; 545
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:

Pulpits

Ver. 541. *And not a mask, &c.*] Alluding to the custom in that age of ladies going in masks to the play.

Ver. 544. *Foreign reign*] The reign of William III.

Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice, 556
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

III.

LEARN then what MORALS critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know. 561
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too. 565
Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past, 570
And make each day a critique on the last.
'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falshoods do:
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. 575

Without

Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.
  Be niggards of advice on no pretence:
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust. 581
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
  'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 585
And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they please, 590
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to some fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er. 595
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep. 601
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.

What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, 605
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezing of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too. 611
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears. 615
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend, 620
Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. 625
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide. 630
But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd

Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right; 634
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind; 640
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were critics; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore, 645
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore *;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
Receiv'd

VER. 645. *The mighty Stagirite*] A noble and just character of Aristotle, the first and the best of critics!

* Between ver. 646 and 649, Warburton found the following lines, since suppresst by the author:

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet.
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star,
He steer'd securely, and discovered far.
He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,
Like his great Pupil, sigh'd and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
Poets, &c.

Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey 655
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd: 670
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire, 675
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just:
Whose

VER. 665. *See Dionysius*] Of Halicarnassus.

Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws. 680
Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew; 684
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall and Rome.
With tyranny, then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good; 690
A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the monks finish'd what the Goths begun.
At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age, 695
And drove those holy vandals off the stage.
But see! each muse, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread, 699
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida; on whose honour'd brow 705
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:

Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd. 710
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France;
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, 715
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of Wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood; 726
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.

Such

VER. 723. *Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,*
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."]

This high panegyric, which was not in the first edition, procured to Pope the acquaintance, and afterwards the constant friendship, of the Duke of Buckingham; who, in his essay here alluded to, has followed the method of Boileau, in discoursing on the various species of poetry in their different gradations, to no other purpose than to manifest his own inferiority.

Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend; 730
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give: 734
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew: 740
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

VER. 725. *Such was Roscommon,*] An Essay on Translated Verse seems, at first sight, to be a barren subject; yet Roscommon has decorated it with many precepts of utility and taste, and enlivened it with a tale in imitation of Boileau. It is indisputably better written, in a closer and more vigorous style than the last-mentioned essay.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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